

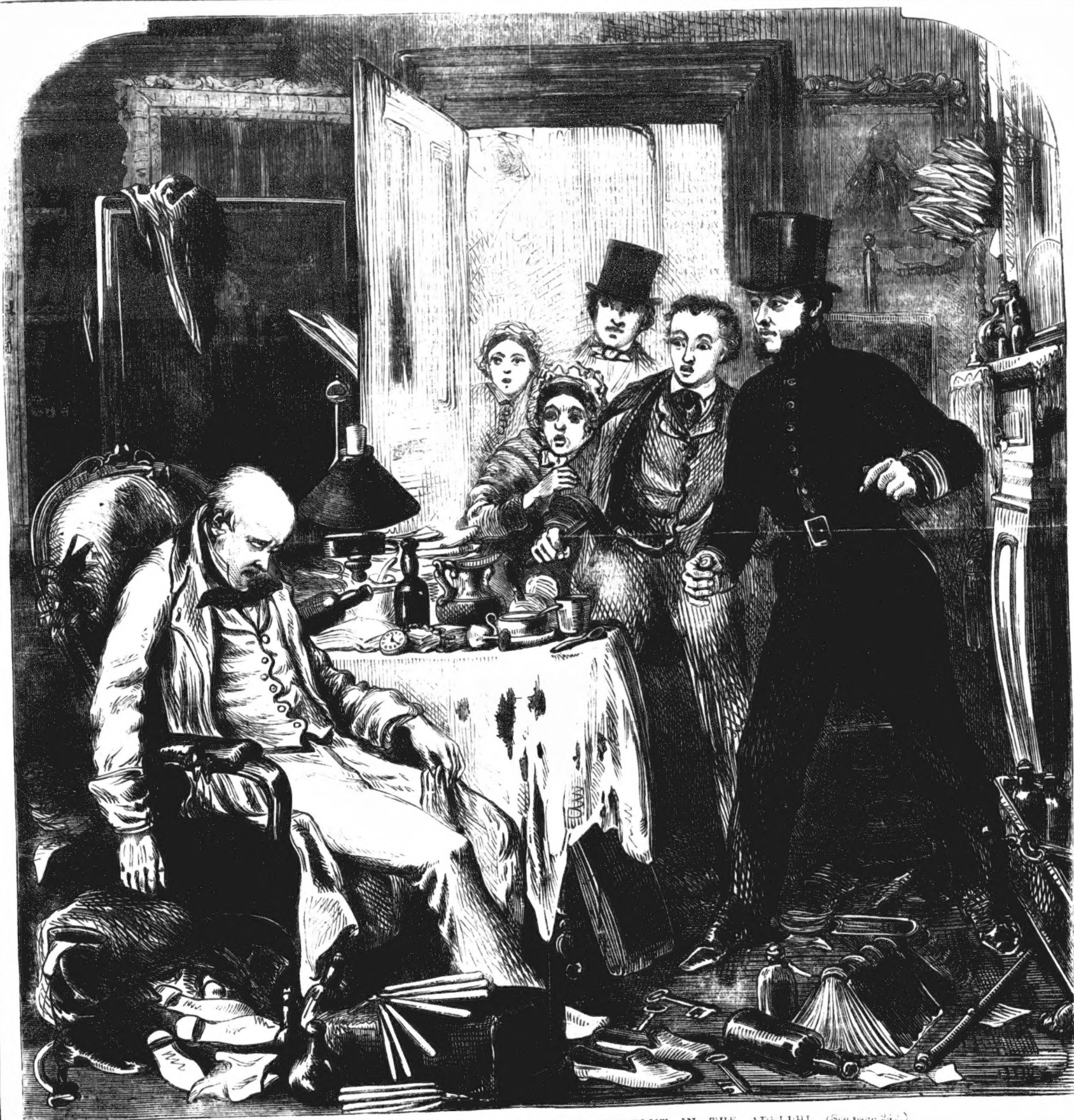
John Dick 315 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF THE MYSTERIOUS RESIDENT IN THE ADLPHI. (See page 242.)

Notes of the Week.

At an early hour on Saturday morning, an attack was made by three men upon a young man named Joseph De Maroof, a printer. He was returning home from his work, and when in the neighbourhood of Coal yard, Drury-lane, three men rushed out of a passage and one seized him by the back of the neck and nearly strangled him. Another hit him a tremendous blow which deprived the victim of his senses. On recovering he found that he had been robbed of all the money in his possession, some thirty shillings, while his coat and waistcoat were torn to rags. Information of the outrage was given to the police. It was noticed by Maroof that one of his assailants was blind of an eye.

At the London Hospital on Saturday Mr. John Humphreys held an inquest respecting the death of John Savage, aged forty-one years, a mariner, who died from inhalation of chloroform. Mr. George King, house-surgeon, said that on the 15th inst. deceased came under his care. He had a compound fracture of the right arm, not connected with the joint. The joint was to be excised. For that purpose it was considered advisable to administer chloroform. On the previous Wednesday he was placed on the table, and Mr. Spence took charge of the chloroform—witness of the pulse. There was no examination made of deceased first. Two drachms of chloroform were administered to Savage, who took it very well at first. Then his pulse became feeble, and witness gave notice to Mr. Spence, who took away the chloroform. Galvanism and other remedies were applied for half an hour, but with a negative result, and deceased died. He had assented to the administration, and rather wished it. A brother of deceased denied this latter statement. Mr. Spence, surgeon, who concurred in the evidence of Mr. King. Thomas Francis said that he spoke to deceased about the operation on the Tuesday, and asked if he would take chloroform. He said, "No, I will not. I will lay hold of the bedpost and hold hard; I will not take chloroform." Deceased said that it was the fault of the treatment he got at first that rendered the operation necessary. The Coroner asked if it was usual to administer the chloroform without any preliminary examination. Mr. Spence said that the post-mortem examination showed the lungs were in such a state as would have rendered it proper to administer the anæsthetic. The heart was fatty and weak in structure, but no examination during life would have discovered that fact. There was no ground whatever for the allegation that deceased's injury had been mismanaged. He assented with pleasure to the proposed administration. The Coroner gave it as his opinion that there was no blame attaching to the medical gentlemen in the matter. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased died from the administration of chloroform, and that it was properly administered.

An investigation was held on Saturday by Dr. Hardwicke, the deputy-coroner for the central division of Middlesex, at the Great Northern London Cemetery, Colney Hatch, relative to the death of Henry Richardson, aged twenty-nine, who died in Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, after alleged ill-treatment on the part of the officials of the Middlesex House of Detention, where he had been confined for the last five months. Some of the deceased's friends complained that, although he was evidently insane, yet the officials of the House of Detention treated and punished him as if he were a sane person. After hearing evidence which was somewhat of a contradictory character, the jury returned the following verdict:—"We find that Henry Richardson was found dying, and did die, in the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, from the mortal effects of disease of the brain, causing insanity; and the said jurors further say that the said death arose from natural causes, accelerated by undue severity of punishment in the House of Detention."

On Monday, Mr. Hilary Nicholas Nissen, citizen and stationer, and Mr. Thomas Cave, citizen and spectacle-maker, recently elected sheriffs of London and Middlesex for the ensuing year, assumed the duties of the office, succeeding in that respect Alderman James Lawrence and Mr. Hugh Jones. The ceremony took place in Guildhall, before the Lord Mayor, the members of the Court of Aldermen, and the principal officers of the corporation, all of them wearing their civic robes. Formerly, on the evening of the day on which the sheriffs were sworn into office, the keepers of Newgate and the two Comptrolers used to invite the Lord Mayor, aldermen, Recorder, and sheriffs, with their families and friends, to the London Coffee-house to partake of sack and walnuts, each of the guests being provided with a small hammer. Although this custom has fallen into disuse, the ceremony is still made an occasion for hospitality, the new sheriffs invariably entertaining a large company to breakfast, either at the corporate hall of the company to which each belongs, or, where they are members of a company without a hall, at the Albion in Aldersgate-street.

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.—The rebuilding of the tower and spire with the supporting arches of this venerable pile—which were so suddenly demolished on the 21st of February, 1861—is slowly but steadily proceeding, and considerable progress has been made in the work of restoration during the past few months. The four main piers connecting the arches were completed early in the summer, and the arches were at once placed in position, ornamented as of old with the grand cable moulding and the curious bands of diaper work. The walls of the tower, which are five feet and a half in thickness, have been carried up a considerable height, and are already visible from the outside of the building—the top of the scaffolding, which it will soon be necessary to raise, being now on a level with the apex of the leaden roof of the nave. A large portion of the beautiful inlaid marble flooring, intended for the new choir, was received a few days ago. This pavement, which was designed by Mr. Slater, the Cathedral architect, was manufactured by Messrs. Henry Poole and Son, of Great Smith-street, Westminster, by whom a portion of it was sent to the International Exhibition last year, and was awarded a first-class medal. Mr. Slater also receiving a medal for the design. The portion just received—which, it may be remarked, had been ordered before the catastrophe happened to the Cathedral—is to be put down in front of the communion-table. Its general design is that of a large circle, containing a foliated cross, surrounded by four large circles, each differing from the other in design, and four smaller circles, the whole being enclosed within a square double border of exquisite workmanship, and the interstices within the circles being filled with diaper work of various patterns. It is composed of variously coloured marbles, which have been selected from Irish, French, and Italian, as well as the best English quarries; and an idea may be formed of the elaborate and intricate nature of the work when it is stated that, in a space only two inches square, no fewer than forty-two distinct pieces of marble have been counted. This magnificent pavement, for the present, has been stored away in the north aisle of the cathedral until the work of restoration has been sufficiently advanced to permit of its being laid down in its proper place. The new communion-table, elegantly carved in cedar-work, together with a number of seats for the choir, richly ornamented with elaborate oak carvings which had likewise been ordered prior to the disaster, have also lately been received. These, which were prepared at the works of Mr. J. Forsyth, Edward-street, Hampstead-road, London, from designs furnished by Mr. Slater, have been placed in the cathedral library until required. Mr. George Gilbert Scott, who made a survey of the sacred edifice after the catastrophe, estimated the cost of the restoration at £50,000, and a considerable portion of this sum has already been either received or promised. It is anticipated that the work will be completed by the month of July, 1866.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

La Nation announces that, according to information received from a Vienna correspondent, M. Drouyn de L'Évy, immediately on being furnished with the Russian reply, communicated with the French ambassador at Vienna, requesting him to remind Count Rechberg that Austria took the initiative in the six points, and that consequently it belonged to Austria to take the initiative in requesting the formal adhesion of Russia to the six points, and, if thought expedient, to demand that Russia should immediately commence carrying the same into effect. Count Rechberg was disagreeably surprised by the proposition of the Duke de Grammont, and immediately referred it to the Emperor, who appeared surprised and dissatisfied at this demand being addressed to Austria.

The Vienna correspondent of the Nation adds, that the request made by the Duke de Grammont was a formal one, accompanied by certain observations imparting to it extreme gravity.

The Duke de Grammont is said to have allowed it to be seen that France attached such importance to the initiative claimed from Austria, that he would not answer for the consequences that might result from the refusal of the Vienna Cabinet, even from a point of view affecting the Austrian possessions in Italy.

The Memorial Diplomatique concludes a lengthy article upon the present position of the Polish question, written throughout in a tone of considerable hostility towards England and Austria, with the following words:—

"France has made all the concessions to England and Austria which have been asked of her by those Powers. It is for them to judge and to say what course they will adopt in consequence of the result at which we have arrived. Every courier who crosses the Channel brings us the most sounding declamations, but it would not be the first time that more talk than work came from London. If the English journals are faithful interpreters of the sentiments of the British nation and the intentions of the Cabinet of St. James's, that body, enlightened by striking experience, will understand the necessity of a plain attitude and practical propositions. At the moment when the last notes of the three Powers left for St. Petersburg, France proposed to England and Austria to concert and arrange what measures should be taken in case of a partial or complete refusal of Russia. England, and, following her example, Austria, declined to engage herself in advance, and preferred to be guided by events. It is for those two Powers now to take the initiative, and, as events have spoken, to make known in what they are willing to act. Upon this condition alone the concert established between the Powers can continue. France will not allow herself to be hurried away by British rhodomontade, or held back by Austrian hesitation. France, who did not believe it right to settle by herself a question affecting the balance of power in Europe, does not think it incumbent upon her to carry out alone that which other Powers have declared to be of common interest. Equally inaccessible to discouragement or spite, she will willingly listen to every serious overture, but she will not lend her-elf to vain demonstrations. If, therefore, she should again be asked to raise a voice which will not be listened to, she will prefer to wait her time in the fulness of her liberty."

AMERICA.

The Richmond Inquirer publishes the following report from General Beauregard:—

"General Cooper, &c.—Last night thirty of the launches of the enemy attacked Fort Sumter. Preparations had been made for the event. At a concerted signal all the batteries bearing on Sumter, assisted by one gunboat and a ram, were thrown open. The enemy was repulsed, leaving in our hands 113 prisoners, including thirteen officers. We also took four boats and three colours."

"G. J. BEAUREGARD."

The Richmond Examiner of Sept. 9th says:—"The immediate effect of the abandonment of Morris Island will be the blockade of Charleston harbour by the enemy's vessels more closely than ever, the more effectually cutting off communication by the shore, outward and inward. As to its possession giving the enemy any additional advantages beyond the mere fact of holding the island and turning batteries on others that have been planted by Beauregard to take their places and command them, its occupation is simply unimportant, and removes not one lock or bolt to the obstructions that bar the Yankees' way to Charleston. The interior line of defences are still intact, and the frowning mouths of a hundred cannon still laugh to scorn the enemy on land and water. The necessity of a final evacuation had long been foreseen and provided for. Everything of value had been previously transported by night to the main, and the men were at last drawn off in order and safety. The fortification of Charleston is now stronger than when the first shot was fired on the island. Batteries have since been erected which supersede the utility of Wagner. It was never the key of Charleston. Indeed no one point in its fortification can be so called. In the system of Vauhan there was always such a point; once taken, it commanded all the rest. But the excellence of the new system of defence, illustrated at Comorn and Sebastopol, and repeated at Charleston, is the necessity of a siege for every battery, in which the besiegers are always exposed to the fire of others. Such a defence, if conducted with courage by an army which cannot be surrounded and starved, may be easily rendered interminable, as the siege of Charleston will be."

A despatch from New York of Sept. 18, says:—"There is no later news from Charleston than the Confederate accounts of the 15th. The Confederates continue to shell General Gilmore's position. A magazine in one of the batteries upon James Island accidentally exploded on the 15th, causing the death of a lieutenant and five men. One of the 800-pounder Blakeley guns belonging to the Confederates burst on the 26th, owing to the piece being too much elevated in an attempt to make a long shot. General Beauregard, it is stated, unfavourably regards the use of these monster cannon, and has telegraphed to the authorities at Richmond not to send him any more of them."

There are rumours in the Mobile and Richmond papers that General Robert E. Lee has gone southward for an important purpose, and that in his absence the command of the army of Virginia, that confronts General Meade at the Rapidan, has devolved upon General Joseph Johnston.

Letters from New Orleans of the 11th and 12th announce the return to that city of a portion of the great Texas expedition, which was under the command of General Franklin, and which had been repulsed in an attempt to effect a landing at Sabine city. One of the Federal gunboats, the Clifton, was destroyed, and another, the Sachem, captured, with all on board either killed or taken prisoners. The same letters assert that the object of the expedition was the capture and destruction of the Confederate army of the Teche in which Generals Herron and Washburn were to co-operate by different routes.

ROBBERY AT AN HOTEL.—Mr. Charles Blomfield, J.P. of Falkingham, has been staying at the Royal Hotel, Scarborough. On the morning of the 17th instant his bedroom was entered by a thief, who succeeded in taking away his gold watch and chain, three £5 Bank of England notes, and £1 10s. in gold. The Scarborough police have not been successful in tracing the thief, notwithstanding a liberal reward has been offered. Professional well-dressed thieves flock to watering-places during the bathing season.—*Stamford Mercury.*

A HERMIT IN LONDON.

The illustration in the front page represents the interior of the house where recently lived and died an eccentric character.

On Wednesday, an inquiry which lasted some hours, took place before Mr. Langham, the Westminster deputy-coroner, in the Vestry-room of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, respecting the death of Mr. George Beamore, aged seventy-five years, a gentleman possessed of considerable property, and formerly a barrister-at-law, which occurred under most extraordinary circumstances. The deceased, it appears, for the past twenty years has resided at No. 1, Adam-street, Adelphi, but in almost total seclusion, no person under any pretence whatever being allowed to enter the three rooms in his occupation on the first floor. His meals were prepared by his housekeeper, and were left on a tray at the door of the ante-room and then taken in by the deceased; and although many times in a state of ill-health, he refused to have medical aid, but used to have sent in from a chemist a quantity of different medicines. All communications to him were received in the same way as his meals, and for more than twelve months he never left the house. He was stated by Mr. James, solicitor, of Ely-place, to have been a gentleman of considerable ability, and, although very eccentric in his habits, of perfectly sound mind and capable of managing his property, which consisted among others of large estates in Cumberland and Carlisle. His time was chiefly spent, it is believed, in reading and writing, the society of men being entirely dispensed with. The housekeeper, Mrs. Palmer, deposed to many of the above facts, and further added that she on a Wednesday morning went up as usual with his dinner, but received no reply at the door, and although she frequently called him she did not again see him alive. On the following Saturday morning, becoming alarmed, she made a communication to the police, and the door was broken open, when a scene was presented which almost defies description. On entering the ante-room the floor was found to be strewn with hundreds of newspapers, writings, &c., chairs, tables, and other articles of furniture. The left-hand room (which is forty feet in length, and overlooking the river) presented even a more extraordinary appearance. At one end was a handsome chimney-glass, some twelve feet in height, covered with dust and cobwebs. The furniture, of a very handsome description, was in an equally dusty state, while the dust lay on everything to nearly an inch in thickness. The floor was strewn with a mass of articles, consisting of trunks, papers, and books of science and law of much value. There were also three large bags filled with new boots, and several silver spoons lay upon the sideboards, and packages of candles, clothing, &c., were heaped up in all parts in the utmost confusion. Near the doorway, and leading against the wall, was a painting of the Crucifixion, about twelve feet by four feet, said to be of great value, but which was also covered with dust. The right-hand room displayed a similar scene of dirt and confusion—furniture, books, paintings, &c., being piled up in different parts of the room. The shutters which were closed having been opened, a dreadful sight was presented. The deceased was found lying back in an arm-chair quite dead and in a rapid state of decomposition, having to doubt been dead several days. He was dressed, but in a very dirty state, and by his side lay the remains of some food. There was not the slightest vestige of bed or bedding, and deceased must for twenty years have slept in the same chair. In other parts of the room were scraps of bread, bottles of wine and medicine, this as well as the other rooms being almost impassable, while the light of day had evidently been shut out for years. Upon a further search made by the police £7 17s. in a bag, a gold and silver watch, twenty-six silver articles and other valuables were found; while upon the floor were scattered thirty keys. Dr. Alfred Harvey afterwards examined the body, and made a post-mortem examination, from which it was shown that death had resulted from exhaustion, from low fever accelerated by neglect. Other evidence showed that the deceased was a single man, and had no near relatives; but a will was made by him, which is in the hands of his legal adviser, Mr. Nenson, of Carlisle. He was further said to have been very charitable and honourable. The coroner, in summing up, alluded to the case as one of the most extraordinary in his experience; and the jury, after a consultation, returned a verdict, "That death was caused by exhaustion from low fever, accelerated by the deceased's neglect." The proceedings then terminated.

LOSS OF A HULL STEAMER AND SEVEN LIVES.

INTELLIGENCE has been received in Hull of the total loss of the screw steamer Zealand, a fine steamer of 700 tons register, the property of Messrs. Bailey and Leatham, shipowners, Hull, with seven of her crew, during a storm in the Baltic on the 11th of September. The ill-fated vessel was on her passage from Königsberg to London with a cargo of oats, and had on board, in addition to a crew of fourteen men, twelve passengers. During the progress of the voyage, on the 11th instant, and when distant about forty miles from the Horn reefs, the Zealand was caught by a heavy gale of wind from the W.N.W. There was also a very heavy sea, and the vessel, owing to the light nature of her cargo, rolled very much. One of her engines broke down, when all sails were set, and the remaining engine was kept in motion, but, of course the progress of the steamer was seriously impeded. The second engine soon broke down, and the vessel becoming unmanageable, she was left to the mercy of the raging seas. This latter mishap was accompanied with one of far more serious consequences, for the engine in its fall started one of the iron plates in the ship's hull, and caused a considerable leakage. Water was fast gaining on the vessel, the fires were quenched, and the position of the Zealand appeared hopeless. The boats were then lowered, and the mate (Mr. Walker), the chief engineer (J. Spiby), carpenter (J. Andell), and four of the crew, named J. Brenton, E. Morris, W. Page, and W. Andell, with twelve passengers, left the steamer, and were received safely on board the Norwegian barque Christina, which vessel was luckily in sight about three-quarters of a mile distant from the Zealand. Captain Lewis and seven of the crew of the Zealand remained on board the vessel, in order to save some valuables and await the return of the boats. The mate, as soon as he had placed the passengers on board the Christina, endeavoured to return to the Zealand, but owing to the violence of the gale it was found to be impracticable. The barque attempted to approach the Zealand, but as she was lightly laden, she was driven considerably off to the leeward, and as night set in she lost sight of the steamer. During the night, however, the men on board the Christina observed that rockets and blue lights were being fired periodically as signals of distress from the Zealand, but at length they suddenly ceased, and nothing more was seen or heard of her. The barque waited about during the night, and when morning broke not a vestige was to be seen of the ill-fated steamer. The Christina made sail for Larvik, in Jutland, where she landed the crew and passengers that were saved. Captain Lewis and the remainder of the crew were also saved.

PERFECTION.—Aim at perfection in everything, though, in most things, it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

The question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do best the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. *Price* at Newton, Wilson, & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of the description.—[Advertisement.]

THE ROTHSCHILD FAMILY.

Among all the congresses held this summer, of princes, lawyers, musicians, schoolmasters, social science men, political economists, and a hundred others, one very notable meeting has almost escaped public attention. A congress of the members of the illustrious house of Rothschild has been sitting at Paris. The purport of the meeting was nothing less than to rearrange the dominions of the great banking dynasty. In one word, the great object of the Rothschild congress was to reduce the five branches of the house to one rule Europe to four, and, following the example of Garibaldi, to strike another sovereign of Naples from the list of reigning monarchs. Henceforth there are to be but four kings of the house of Rothschild, with secure thrones at London, Paris, Vienna, and Frankfurt.

It is now exactly one hundred years since a poor Jew, called Mayer Anselm, made his appearance at the city of Hanover, bareheaded, with a sack on his shoulders, and a bundle of rags on his back. Successful in trade, like most of his co-religionists, he returned to Frankfurt at the end of a few years, and set up a small shop in the Jew-lane, over which hung the sign-board of a "Red Shield," called in German "Roth-schild." As a dealer in old and rare coins, he made the acquaintance of the Serene Elector of Hesse-Cassel, who, happening to be in want of a confidential agent for various open and secret purposes, appointed the shrewd-looking Mayer Anselm to the post. The Serene Elector being compelled soon after to fly his country, Mayer Anselm took charge of his cash, amounting to several millions of florins. With the instinct of his race, Anselm did not forget to put the money out on good interest, so that, before Napoleon was gone to Elba and the illustrious Elector had returned to Cassel, the capital had more than doubled. The ruler of Hesse-Cassel thought it almost a marvel to get his money safely returned from the Jew-lane of Frankfurt, and at the Congress of Vienna was never tired of singing the praises of his Jewish agent to all the princes of Europe. The dwellers under the sign of the Red Shield laughed in their sleeves; keeping carefully to themselves the great fact that the electoral two millions of florins had brought them four millions of their own. Never was honesty a better policy.

Mayer Anselm died in 1812, without having the supreme satisfaction of hearing his honesty extolled by kings and princes. He left five sons, who succeeded him in the banking and money-lending business, and who, conscious of their social value, dropped the vulgar Jewish name of Anselm, and adopted the higher sounding one of Rothschild, taken from the sign-board over the paternal house. On his deathbed, their father had taken a solemn oath from all of them to hold his four millions well together, and they have faithfully kept the injunction. But the old city of Frankfurt clearly was too narrow a realm for the fruitful sowing of four millions; and, in consequence, the five were determined after a while to extend their sphere of operations, by establishing branch banks at the chief cities of Europe. The eldest son, Anselm, born 1773, remained at Frankfurt; the second, Salomon, born in 1774, settled at Vienna; the third, Nathan, born in 1777, went to London; the fourth, Charles, the *enfant terrible* of the family, established himself in the soft climate of Naples; and the fifth and youngest, James, born 1792, took up his residence at Paris. Strictly united, the wealth and power of the five Rothschilds was vested in the eldest-born; nevertheless, the shrewdness of the sons of Mayer Anselm, and the heir of his genius, Nathan, the third son, soon took the reins of government into his own hands. By his faith in Wellington and the flesh and muscle of British soldiers, he nearly doubled the fortune of the family, gaining more than a million sterling by the sole battle of Waterloo, the news of which he carried to England two days earlier than the mail. The weight of the solid millions gradually transferred the ascendancy in the family from Germany to England, making London the metropolis of the reigning dynasty of Rothschild.

Like the royal families of Europe, the members of the house of Rothschild only intermarry with each other. James Rothschild married the daughter of his brother Salomon; his son Edmond, heir-apparent to the French line, was united to his first cousin, the daughter of Lionel, and granddaughter of Nathan Rothschild; and Lionel again—M.P. for London—gave his hand, in 1836, to his first cousin Charlotte, the daughter of Charles Rothschild, of Naples. It is unnecessary to say that, though these matrimonial alliances have kept the millions wonderfully together, they have not improved the race of old Mayer Anselm, of the Red Shield. Already signs of physical weakness are becoming visible in the great family. So at least hint the French papers in their meagre notices about the Rothschild congress at Paris. From all that can be gathered out of a wilderness of *canards*, thin facts and thick fictions, it appears that the sovereigns of the Stock Exchange met in conference for the double purpose of centralizing their money power and widening their matrimonial realm. In other words, the five reigning kings, descendants, according to the law of primogeniture, of the five sons of Mayer Anselm, came to the decision to reduce their number to four, by cutting off the Neapolitan branch of Charles Rothschild, while it was likewise decided that permission should be given to the younger members of the family to marry, for the benefit of the race, beyond the range of first consanguinity. What has led to the exclusion of the Neapolitan line of Rothschild seems to have been the constant exercise of a highly nameable liberality unheard of in the annals of the family. Charles, the prodigal son of Mayer Anselm, actually presented, in the year 1846, ten thousand ducats to the orphan asylum of St. Carlo at Naples, and the son and heir of Charles, Gustavus, has given repeated signs of his inclination to follow in the footsteps of his father. Such conduct, utterly unbecoming of the policy of the house of Rothschild, could not be allowed to pass unnoticed, and accordingly—we quote the rumour of Paris journalism—the *decence* of the Neapolitan line has been pronounced. However, Baron Gustavus de Rothschild is not to retire into private life like famous Charles V, with only a cassock on his shoulders and a prayer-book in his hand; but is allowed to take with him a small fortune of 150,000 000 francs, or about six millions sterling—a mere crumb from the table of the descendants of poor Mayer Anselm, who wandered shoeless through the electorate of King George the Third. It is certain that no romance of royalty is equal to the romance of the house of Rothschild.

SERIOUS CASE OF POISONING AT HULL.—At the Hull Police-court, a little girl named Mary Ann Richardson was committed for trial on a charge of having attempted to poison five girls, named respectively Sarah Jane Osmonds, Sarah Ann Hoel, Matilda Watson, Fanny Ashton, and Mary Roe. About ten days ago the accused, who worked with the other girls at a starch manufactory, was charged by a person who superintended them with a slight offence. The accusation so excessively annoyed her that she threatened to exact vengeance. It was customary for these girls who lived in the suburbs to bring their breakfasts, and for all of them to put their coffee into one pot. One morning, as soon as the above-named girls had made their coffee, the accused was seen to approach the fire. The girls drank their coffee, and were seized with alarming symptoms. A surgeon was called in, and he administered the usual remedies, and in a short time they sufficiently recovered to resume their ordinary duties. The police, however, were communicated with, and the prisoner was apprehended. Her defence to the charge was reserved.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 1, Ludgate-hill. [Advertisement.]

EARL RUSSELL AT BLAIRGOWRIE.

EARL RUSSELL, who has been residing with his family at Melk-leur House, Perthshire, for some weeks back, was entertained by the tenantry on the estate to a public dinner, which was held in the Public Hall of Blairgowrie on Saturday afternoon. Earl Russell was met at the outskirts of Blairgowrie by a procession, consisting of the different trades, and headed by the magistrates.

After dinner, Earl Russell made a speech in which he thus alluded to the American question: I come now to a question interesting to us all, a question to which I beg your attention, because I wish to explain some circumstances in which I think the character of this country has been maligned. I am speaking of what occurred in what a few years ago were the United States of America. A few years ago we were exulting in the prosperity of that country, we were happy to see the people derived from the same ancestors as ourselves enjoying free institutions, enjoying apparent harmony with one another, and with whom we had, at least just before the civil war broke out, hardly a difference—there was a difference about a small island called San Juan, and which we proposed to refer to the arbitration of the Swiss republic. Such was the state of affairs when that in which we certainly had no part broke out; nine of the Southern States of America declared that they would form an independent republic. Our course on that subject has been attacked and blamed sometimes in the bitterest terms. Blamed sometimes by the Federals, sometimes by the Confederates. The first offence was felt by the Federals. They state that we had no right to grant, as far as we were concerned, to the Confederate States, the rights of belligerents. Well, gentlemen, that question of the rights of belligerents is a question of facts, and I put it to you whether, with five millions of freemen declaring themselves in States and collectively an independent State, we could pass it over as a petty rebellion? Our admirals asked whether the ships they met bearing the Confederate flag should be treated as pirates or not. If we had treated them as pirates, we should have been taking part in that contest. (Cheers.) It was impossible, looking at it as a community of five millions of people, to treat it as a mere petty insurrection—(hear, hear)—or as not having rights which at all times have been given to those who by numbers and importance, and the extent of territory they possessed, were entitled to those rights. Well, it was said that we ought not to have done it, because it was a community of slaveholders. I trust our abhorrence of slavery is not in the least abated or diminished (cheers); for my own part, I consider that it is one of the most horrible crimes that yet disgrace humanity, but, when we are treating of the relations which we bear to the communities of men, I doubt whether it would be expedient or useful for humanity to introduce that new element, declaring that we will have no relation with a people that permits slavery to exist among them. We have never adopted that yet—never adopted it with Spain or Brazil, and I do not believe the cause of humanity would be served by adopting it. (Cheers.) But then it was said that the Confederate States were rebels against the Union; perhaps, we are not so nice as we ought to be on that subject. But I recollect we rebelled against Charles I. and James II, and that the people of New England, not content with these rebellions, rebelled against George III. I do not say now whether all these were justifiable or wrong. I do not say whether the rebellion of the Southern States is a justifiable insurrection—whether it is a great fact or a great crime; but I state the mere fact that a rebellion is not in itself a crime of so deep a dye as to cause us to renounce our relations with the people guilty of rebellion. (Cheers.) But to look at the orations of the New England orators—and I have been reading lately, if not the whole, at least the greater part of a long speech by Mr. Sumner, in New York, and I cannot but wonder that this man, the offspring of three, as we are of two, rebellions, should be speaking like the Czar of Russia or Louis XIV., of the dreadful guilt of a crime of rebellion. Then comes another complaint, and it comes from the so-called Confederate States. It is said we have, contrary to the declarations of Paris—contrary to international law, permitted the blockade of 3,000 miles of American coast. It is quite true that we did so; and the presumable cause of complaint is quite true—that, although the blockade is kept up by a sufficient number of ships, yet these ships were sent into the United States navy in a hurry, and are ill fitted for the purpose, and did not keep up so completely as was required an effective blockade. (Hear, hear.) Still, looking at the law of nations, it was a blockade we, as a great belligerent Power, in former times should have acknowledged—we ourselves had a blockade of upwards of 2,000 miles—it did seem to me that we were bound in justice to the Federal States of America to acknowledge that blockade. But there was another reason that weighed with me. Our people were suffering severely for the want of that material which was the main support of their industry, and it was a question of self-interest whether we should not break that blockade. But in my opinion the men of England would have been for ever infamous if, for the sake of their own interest, they had violated the law of nations, and made war in conjunction with these slave-holding States of America against the Federal States. (Cheers.) I am not speaking sentiments which are peculiar to me, who had no interest in the question, but such I believe to be the sentiments of that noble-hearted people of Lancashire who lived and flourished by that industry, but would not raise a single spot on their escutcheon in order to the maintenance of that industry. Well, gentlemen, we come to new complaints on the part of the Federals that we allowed ships to leave the port of Liverpool which afterwards committed depredations on their commerce. It would lead too far if I were to go into all the particulars; but you must know that in order to prove you require evidence—such evidence as might be sifted in a court of justice—and it was not until the day the vessel left that we had an opinion of lawyers sufficient to stop that vessel; and I doubt that if even then we had brought it before a court of law whether there would have been evidence sufficient to condemn her, because, by an evasion of the law, the ship was fitted up without arms or equipment, and that equipment was conveyed to her in the waters of a foreign country, very far from the jurisdiction of this country. Gentlemen, these questions must be weighed, but I think they will be weighed, as they have been by the Government of the United States of America, in the balance of equity. (Hear, hear.)

SIMPLICITY OF FINNISH MANNERS.—The grand dignitaries who accompanied the Emperor of Russia to Finland, and who have just returned to St. Petersburg with his Majesty, bear witness to the extraordinary simplicity of the mode of life in that country, and which is in such direct opposition to that now prevailing in the Russian capital. The chief of the secret police, Prince Dolgorouky, paid a visit to the Archbishop of Helsinki, when, to the surprise of the former, the only servant of the ecclesiastical dignitary took the light from the archbishop's table, and with it opened the door and admitted the prince. On his departure the archbishop accompanied him to the door with the same light in his hand. One must be acquainted with the prevailing luxury of St. Petersburg, and with the fact that an immense number of servants are maintained at the mansions of the nobles, in order to appreciate the hilarity with which the recital of this anecdote is received. A still more comic adventure fell to the lot of Prince Gortschakoff when he visited the Civil Governor of Helsinki. As the prince's servants rang, the governor came to the parlour window, and lamented that he could not admit his highness, as the cook had gone out, and had taken with her the key of the street-door. The governor added that he had himself just returned, and had been obliged to get in through the parlour window. The prince, so goes the story, did the same.

THE ALABAMA AT THE CAPE.

THE colony of the Cape has been greatly excited by the visit of a squadron of Confederate war steamers. The Alabama first entered Saldanha Bay, and from there Captain Semmes addressed a letter to Governor Wodehouse stating that he had put in there for some necessary repairs, and should pay the strictest attention to the neutrality of the British Government. On August 5 this redoubted cruiser appeared off Table Bay, when thousands of the Cape people, who crowded the headlands to see her approach, had an opportunity of seeing her at work—a fine American barque, the Sea Bride, standing in for Table Bay, being chased and captured by the Alabama, about two miles outside the neutral ground. The barque tried to escape her opponent by setting a press of sail, notwithstanding a fresh breeze was blowing, with the hope of reaching the neutral ground, but although a clipper, she was easily overhauled by the Alabama. The Confederate cruiser Tuscaloosa, formerly the barque Conrad, captured by the Alabama, and armed and manned by Captain Semmes, and the Confederate cruiser Georgia, had also visited Simon's Bay. When the Cambrian left, the Alabama and the Tuscaloosa were gone cruising, the Georgia was still in Simon's Bay, and it was believed that the Florida was off the coast. The Alabama had captured fifty-six Federal vessels, the Georgia fifteen. During the time the Alabama was in Table Bay hundreds of the colonists crowded her decks. They were most hospitably received by Captain Semmes and his officers, who did everything to render the visit agreeable to the colonists, and their courtesy had caused the most kindly feeling towards them in the colony. The Cape papers are full of accounts of the Confederate squadron, the *Advertiser* and *Mail* giving an account of the adventures of these vessels in various parts of the globe. The United States (Federal) consul protested against the capture of the Sea Bride on the ground that the British waters extend to the length of an Armstrong cannon shot from shore, and claimed the delivery of the Tuscaloosa to himself as the official agent of the owners of the Conrad, on the ground that being a prize, and not having been condemned by a court of any recognised country, her entrance into a British port was a violation of the Queen's proclamation, and that she had therefore reverted to her real owners. The governor decided adversely to both demands; and against the decision the consul formally protested in the name of his Government. In the consul's last letter to the governor, dated Aug. 17, he also objected to the Tuscaloosa's original cargo—skins and wool—having been disposed of to Cape merchants, to be landed or transferred somewhere out of the colony, and his expectation that the Sea Bride's cargo would be disposed of in the same manner. He concludes his letter by saying:—"The Georgia, a Confederate war steamer, arrived in Simon's Bay yesterday; and another vessel of the same class, named the Florida, has arrived, or is hourly expected, at Saldanha Bay, where she may remain for a week without your knowledge, as the place is very secluded. The Alabama remained here in Table Bay for nearly four hours, and at Simon's Bay six days, and as the Tuscaloosa was allowed to remain at the latter port seven days, I apprehend that the Georgia and Florida will meet with similar or greater favours. Under these circumstances further protests from me would seem to be unavailing; and I only put the facts upon record for the benefit of my own Government, and officials possessing diplomatic functions." The Valorous left on Aug. 19, for Saldanha Bay, to observe the movements of the Confederate squadron in that neighbourhood.

A YOUNG WOMAN PURPOSELY BURIED ALIVE.

The following extraordinary story is now going the round of the Naples journals:—
"A mason living in the Rue Ferba was awakened a few nights back by a knocking at his door. On opening he saw two strangers, who asked him to go with them to execute a piece of work of great urgency. The man at first hesitated, but being persuaded by the offer of a handsome reward at length consented. He was then blindfolded, and having been led to a carriage, the vehicle drove off. After having been driven for some time, the carriage at length stopped. The man was led up several flights of stairs, and the bandage then taken from his eyes. He was then ordered to make, in the wall of the chamber in which he found himself, a hole sufficiently large and wide to contain a coffin. The mason at first refused, but, being menaced with death, he performed the work required. When he had finished, an empty coffin was brought from another room, and at the same time a young woman, handsomely dressed, was dragged in, struggling violently. She was then forced into the coffin, the lid screwed down, and the coffin placed in the recess, which the mason, still under the menaces of death, was compelled to close up, so that nothing could be seen. That done he was again blindfolded, and taken in the same carriage to the sea beach, where the two strangers, having removed the bandage from his eyes, gave him ten piastres, told him to go his way, adding that they did not impose even secrecy on him. The mason immediately gave notice to the police of the incident, but could afford no information as to the locality."

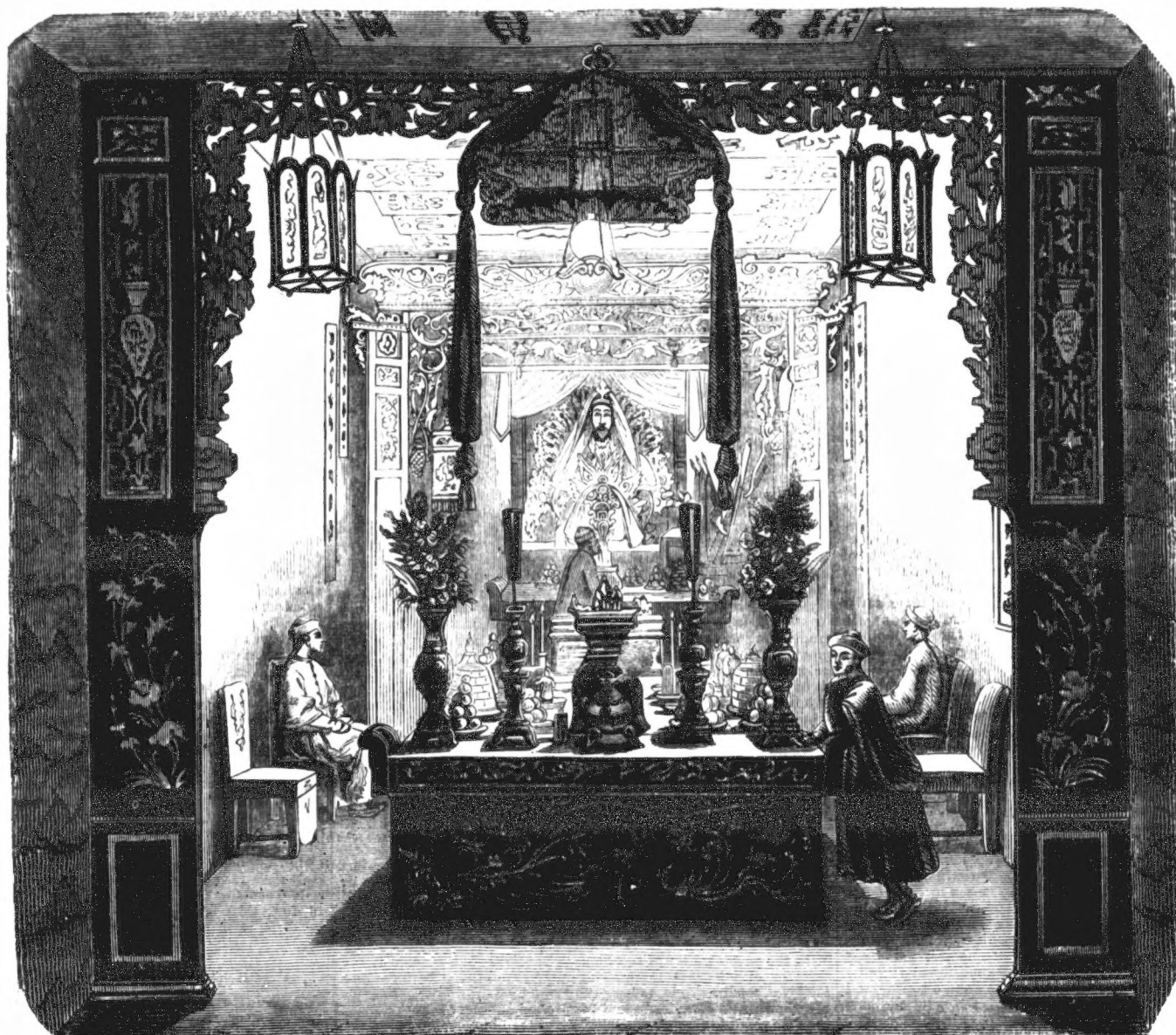
AN INCIDENT ON PICKET.—A somewhat singular circumstance occurred on picket three or four nights ago. During the night a man named Henry Grund, Company E, One Hundredth New York, was killed while in discharge of his duty, and the body lay between the lines. Captain Ayres, of the Third Rhode Island, shortly after the event had been made known, leaped from the top of the last parallel and shouted to a rebel picket, "Here, you; we have a man killed out there, and want to bring his body in." "Well," replied the rebel, "three of you may come over for it." Whereupon Captain Ayres started with three men, making, including himself, four altogether. The rebel observing four men approaching him cried before they had proceeded far, "Halt!" The command having been complied with the rebel said thus:—"I said but three might come over—one must go back." Captain Ayres then returned, and was followed soon after by the three men bearing the dead body of their comrade. The rebel was certainly very obliging, and what motive prompted him to extend such a privilege cannot be easily accounted for. — *Letter from Morris Island.*

GALLANT CONDUCT OF A SHIPMASTER.—Captain Peter Wilkie, commander of the clipper ship *Aboukir*, was presented in Glasgow with a purse of 150 sovereigns and an address engraved on vellum in recognition of his gallant and seamanlike conduct in bringing home his vessel, while in a crippled condition, from New Zealand to London. The presentation was made on behalf of the underwriters of the ship and cargo in London and Glasgow. On the 1st of April last the *Aboukir*, one of Messrs. Potter, Wilson and Co.'s liners, sailed from Otago for London, under the command of Captain Wilkie. After being nine days at sea, the ship, while in lat. 55 deg 40 min. S., long 153 deg W., was overtaken by thick weather, in consequence of which she got foul on an iceberg, and was damaged. At noon of the same day (9th of April) the fog cleared off, when the vessel was found to be completely surrounded by ice. In consequence of the loss of her masts, she became quite unmanageable, but under the direction of Captain Wilkie, juremasts were rigged, by means of which the ship was extricated from her helpless and perilous condition, and enabled to continue her voyage. When near Cape Horn a very heavy gale was encountered; but the ship behaved splendidly under her jury-masts, and the storm was weathered without mishap. On the 1st of May the Horn was rounded, and in eighty-eight days after leaving New Zealand the voyagers reached the Thames.

THE CHINESE WORSHIP- PING IN ONE OF THEIR TEMPLES.

NUMEROUS Chinese have settled in California since the discovery of gold there. In the town of San Francisco, the Chinese have raised a vast edifice, which is at once a place of refuge for their poor, a hospital for their sick, and an *entrepot* for their commerce.

Educated in religious sentiments, and attaching much importance to religious ceremonies, the Chinese have not failed to secure in the aforesaid edifice a place for the celebration of their rites to which they have lately admitted the *barbarians*, who have gone in crowds to visit it. Our engraving faithfully reproduces this chapel or temple. On a large table are placed lighted candelabra and vessels of precious metal. The *lid* of the most important of these vessels is formed of a monstrous dragon, from the jaws of which the smoke of incense continually ascends. Near this table is another called the Table of Offerings, on which are displayed large dishes containing roasted pork, a whole ram with its horns, a boiled fowl; then, on

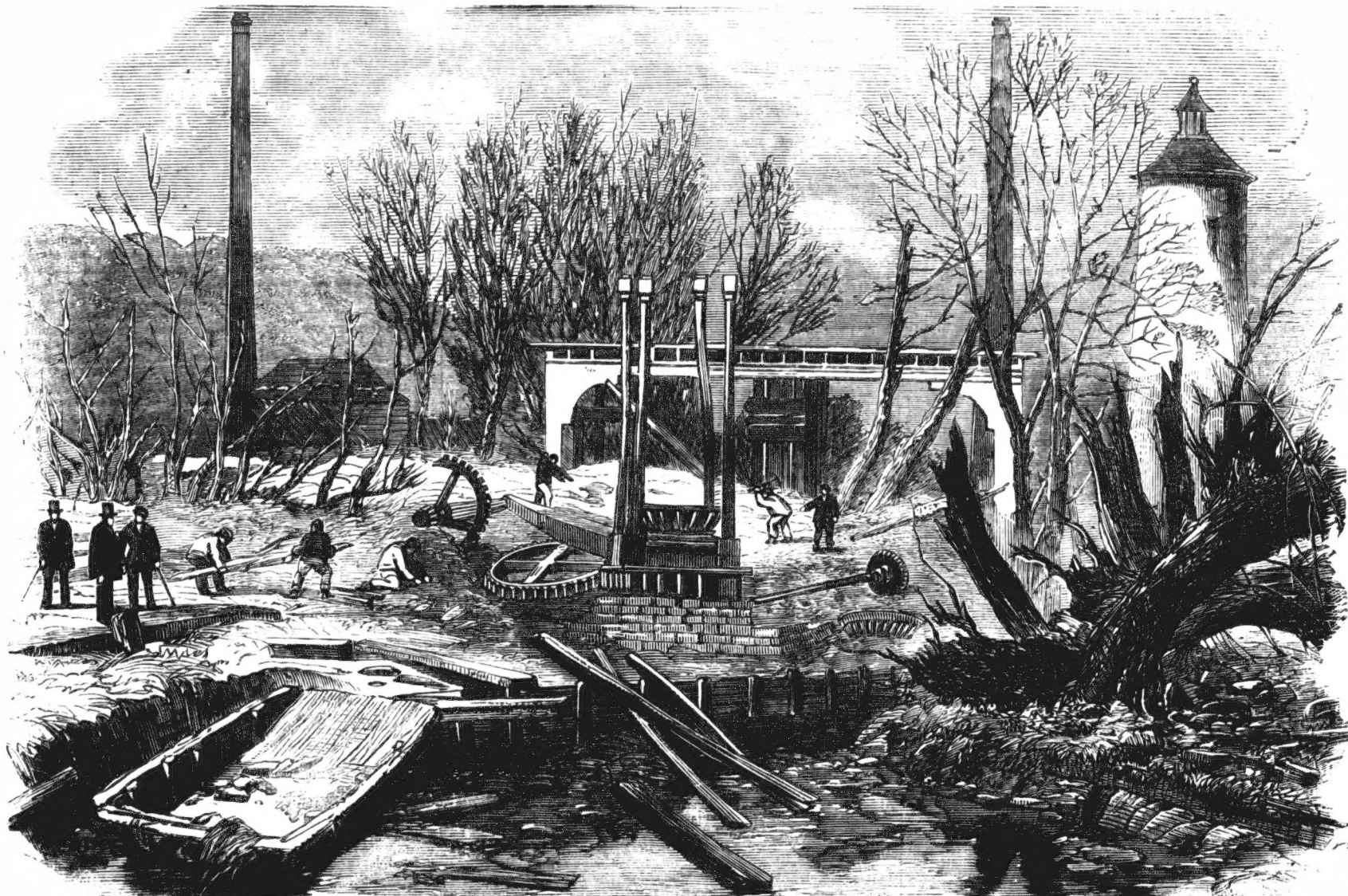


BUDDHIST CHAPEL OF THE CHINESE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

smaller plates, there is a multitude of indescribable cakes and ragouts. Lamps and incense are here also kept constantly burning. In the remotest part of the chapel is seen the altar, properly so called, which is curiously sculptured, and which glows with the most brilliant colours. In the midst is placed the idol, or, rather, the image of Ching-tai, a famous Chinese warrior, for whom his bravery on earth has obtained the honours of the sky. This personage has a magnificent moustache made from a horse's tail. His dress glitters with precious stones. Religious maxims in Chinese characters are seen on the ceiling.

The ceremonies celebrated in this edifice are those of Buddhism; they have a great resemblance to many of the rites of the Catholic Church.

A CABMAN'S HONESTY. — T. Johnson, driver of No. 79 coach, brought to the Town Hall two fifty pound notes which had been left in his cab early in the morning. The money was in the course of the day claimed by the owner, who gave the driver five pounds as a reward for his honesty. — *Manchester Guardian*.



SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION AT HOUNSLOW POWDER MILLS. (See page 246.)

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PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

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General News.

The *Cologne Gazette* of the 21st says:—"Mouravieff's son, who was lately appointed to the post of Governor of Lwow, seems to find a particular pleasure in directing political executions in person. He lately caused a female peasant to be hanged in the market-place for having served as a sutler in the ranks of the insurgents, and twelve ladies were compelled to be present at the spectacle by way of witnesses."

The Austrian journals state that a company of that country has just organized a pleasure excursion round the world. The screw steamer *Marco Polo*, which is specially engaged, is to leave Trieste on the 5th of next March, and successively visit Algiers, Gibraltar, Madeira, Saint Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Madagascar, Ceylon, Nicobar, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, the Sandwich Islands, Mexico, Panama, Lima, Monto Video, Rio Janeiro, and lastly Naples, and Corfu. The trip is to last eight months, and cost 5,000 florins, or nearly £500.

The *Stock-Exchange Journal* of St. Petersburg of the 18th inst. publishes a report from the Minister of War, showing that the Russian regular army consists of 31,856 officers and 858,997 privates, and the irregular army of 4,818 officers and 392,961 privates, making altogether 86,674 officers and 1,151,958 privates. "These very respectable figures," adds the semi-official journal, "acquire a still more menacing character when the new and approaching organization of the army is considered." The Russian journal, however, forgets to add that this mass of troops is dispersed over a surface equivalent to a seventh part of the globe, and extending from the Pacific Ocean to the White Sea, and from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

We understand that Rear-Admiral George St. Vincent King, C.B., will succeed Rear-Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker, Bart., K.C.B., as commander-in-chief of the Cape of Good Hope and Africa station. Sir Baldwin Walker's three years' term will expire in February next.

We understand that Rear-Admiral Sir James Hope, K.C.B., has been nominated successor to Vice-Admiral Sir A. Milne, K.C.B., as commander in chief of the North America and West India station. It is expected he will hoist his flag as vice-admiral on board the *Duncan*, 81, at Portsmouth, in December, although the *Princess Royal* has also been named as his probable flag ship.

The *France* says Count Walewski will probably replace Baron Gros as French ambassador in London.

It is calculated that the court-martial on Colonel Crawley will cost the country little less than £50,000.

At their late visit to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs it was remarked that each of the Annamite ambassadors carried in his hand a small white stick, similar in appearance to the *baton* of the leader of an orchestra. In their country it is forbidden to look during an audience at the chief of the State, or his ministers; and in order to render the observance of this rule more easy this stick is carried, on which the eyes are kept constantly fixed.

A LAD, named Vine, was carrying some horse gear and iron tackle, in the neighbourhood of Worcester, during a heavy thunder-storm, when the lightning struck him. His smock-frock and all his clothes, with the exception of a part of the front of his shirt, were set on fire and scattered in all directions, while a new pair of boots were ripped from his feet, doubled up, and carried a distance of several yards. In the soles were two round holes, where the electric fluid had escaped. The lad was conveyed to the Worcester Infirmary as soon as possible, where his injuries were attended to and no dangerous consequences are apprehended.

The following letter, which has been received by his worship the mayor, is worthy of publication, from the simplicity of feeling and earnestness of purpose evinced in it:—"H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, River Mersey, Thursday morning, 24th September, 1863. Honoured Sir,—With feelings of respect and gratitude permit me, on behalf of myself and my fellow-shipmates, to offer our sincere and heartfelt thanks for the very kind and cordial reception your worship, the members of the corporation, and the commodore and the members of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club have afforded us, the blue jackets of the *Royal Oak*; and believe me, should it please God ever to put us to the test, that the people of Liverpool, and your worship in particular, will find that, though we possess rough exteriors, we are capable of the feelings of gratitude as the more polished landmen. Praying that the all-powerful hand of a good and mighty God may prosper your worship and the corporation in all your undertakings, and we beg of you to express our feelings to the people of Liverpool. Praying that the Almighty will abundantly bless your worship and your lady also, and your worship's family, if you have any, believe us to remain ever sincerely, your humble servants and sincere well-wishers, 'THE ROYAL OAKS.' His worship the Mayor of Liverpool.—*Liverpool Advertiser*.

At Illinois, in America, there has been a wheat-threshing contest, by rival machines, for a prize of one hundred dollars. The winning machine thrashed at the rate of upwards of two bushels per minute.

WITHIN the last few days ten deserters have died their just death. If the fact is an indication of a new rule in the Confederate army, none need fear for the fate of the country, for desertion will cease on the day when it becomes known that desertion is death; the army will fill when it is ascertained that the soldier who remains at home does so to dig his own grave.—*Richmond Inquirer*.

The Court.

The banners and achievements of his Royal Highness Prince Alfred and the Earl Grey as knights of the Garter have just been placed by Sir C. Young, Garter, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It is understood that there are now two stalls vacant by the deaths of the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Marquis of Normanby.

TOWARDS the latter end of October her Majesty will return from Scotland and remain at Windsor Castle a short time, and then proceed to Osborne. The Queen will return to Windsor Castle previous to the 13th of December, where it is expected her Majesty will remain to spend the Christmas, at which time the festivities of the season will be resumed.—*Court Journal*.

A BISHOP AMONG BRIGANDS.—The *Liberta Italiana* publishes the following details relative to the capture of the Bishop of Acri:—"A detachment of Bersaglieri, while searching the Sila, arrived in the valley of Zarella, where they found six brigands guarding three captives. They proved to be the bishop, the vicar, and a man named Falcone. At the appearance of the soldiers the brigands fled, abandoning their prisoners, who were taken care of by the Bersaglieri, to whom they related that at the moment of their providential arrival the assassins threatened to kill Falcone, and they had commenced by breaking his collar-bone with the butt-end of a musket. The bishop, who was thrown to the ground, conjured the assassins to finish him, for he could no longer walk. The courage of the prisoners having been restored by the presence of the soldiers it was deemed advisable to proceed to the nearest house. The prelate, however, refused, for he was not able to walk a step. A soldier then took him on his shoulders. The bishop offered him his pastoral cross, which he had succeeded in saving from the rapacity of the brigands; but the soldier would not accept it. From this place they were brought to Carigliati, and then to Acri, where the bishop sent his preservers 3,000 lire."

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

D.	D.		A. M.	P. M.
3	S	King's College opened, 1851	5 31	5 53
4	S	18th Sunday after Trinity	6 15	6 39
5	M	Rich, explorer, died, 1821	7 6	7 37
6	T	Louis Napoleon condemned to perpetual imprisonment, 1840	8 13	8 54
7	W	King Christophe died, 1820	9 34	10 14
8	T	Sun rises 6h. 15m. Sets 5h. 19m.	10 54	11 28
9	F		11 58	12 0

MOON'S CHANGES.—4th, Last Quarter, 7h. 31m., p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Ezekiel 20; Mark 7.

AFTERNOON.

Ezekiel 24; 2 Corinthians 3.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and *REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER* sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313 Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a pink wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

D. T. M.—Apply to Mr. Eaden, solicitor, No. 10, Gray's-inn-square, relative to a divorce case.

A WORKING MAN.—No blood relationship exists between a stepmother and her step-children, but the former is considered as standing in the light of a second parent.

T. B. (Barnesley).—The father of an illegitimate child will be compelled to pay for his support after he is married to a woman not the mother of the child.

T. B. (Congleton).—The copy of a will can be seen on payment of one shilling at the Prerogative Court, Doctors'-commons. You are not allowed to extract from it, but can procure a copy for a certain price, according to its length.

L. S.—On every anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the 18th of June, the Duke of Wellington presents a flag to the sovereign; the estate of Strathfieldsaye is held under such condition. Blenheim Palace, and Trafalgar Park, were purchased by the nation to be enjoyed by the descendants of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Nelson.

NEXT OF KIN.—Mr. Eaden, the solicitor, requests us to state that he has now succeeded in discovering the heir-at-law in respect to the B— property, and that it will therefore be useless for any other persons of the same name to apply to him. This notice will be duly understood by all whom it may concern.

MATRIMONIAL QUERIES.—This correspondent wishes to know whether he must prepay his letters when answering one of the matrimonial advertisements in another column. We should have thought that his own good sense and taste would have spared him the necessity of putting such a question. It is now the custom to prepay all letters; and as this has become the rule, it is evidently needless to repeat it incessantly in advertisements of the above description.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

It has not without reason been thought to be a misnomer to call the Russians an European race. In almost every element of character they are Asiatics. Their intercourse with Western nations has, no doubt, given them the gloss of a superficial civilisation, though no deeper than the skin beneath which, according to Bonaparte, the Tartar character underlies the Russian. But in point of revengefulness and ferocity of disposition there is nothing to distinguish them from barbarians. General Berg appears to form a fair type of his race. For a long time past we have been told by the apologists of Russia that the barbarities committed by the imperial troops were to be referred to that license in war which no Government and no general can restrain, and were to be separated by the widest interval from the benevolence of the Czar and the moderation of his general officers in Poland. General Berg, however, has just had an opportunity of showing the world what his moderation is worth. An attempt is made upon his life after the precedent of the Paris conspiracy of January, 1858. One or two bombs explode in the street as he drives past, and a few shots are also fired. There appears to be some doubt from whence this attack was made. According to one account, both the bomb and the firing came from the street; according to another, they came from the balcony of a building known as Zamoyiski House. This building appears to have no other connection with the palace of that name, the residence of Count Zamoyiski, than its proximity to it. It is a vast lodging-house, in which fifteen hundred persons

are said to have been quartered. The revenge taken by General Berg was, however, quite indiscriminate. He drove to the nearest military post and ordered out troops, who seized all the inmates of Zamoyiski House and Zamoyiski Palace without distinction. They then threw the male inhabitants of both into the citadel, loaded Count Zamoyiski, Prince Lubomirski, and others, heavily with chains; and reserved the women in either building for a worse fate. Both the house and the palace were then completely gutted. The valuable paintings and costly furniture of the latter seem to have been destroyed in a frantic passion, under the influence of which plunder appears to have been almost forgotten; and the palace was finally given over to the soldiers, who were promised the next day a still more inspiring sack of the cellars of a large neighbouring wine merchant. General Berg appears to conduct the government of Warsaw on the approved principle of Nebuchadnezzar, "Your house shall be made a dunghill." These horrors, these scenes of rapine and tyranny and cruel vengeance, this blind arrogance of the Russian Government, cannot continue for any unlimited period of time. In one way or another, it is inevitable that it must come to an end. Before any better solution arises, it is no doubt just possible that this brave nation of Poles may be crushed. But we greatly doubt it. If such an event is not so immediate as many persons think, the time must present itself when Europe will refuse to permit this work of decimation to go on. There are popular feelings more powerful than the policy of Governments, and which Governments must themselves obey. When the basis of intervention becomes shifted from a treaty-right to a duty to humanity, its scope becomes wider also, inasmuch as it is no longer restricted to the precise territory or the precise questions which form the subject of the treaty. This is a danger to Russia tenfold greater than the original danger of an intervention under treaty. But to these considerations she is deaf. She relies upon the forthcoming season to arrest the hand of foreign interposition; although the European network of railways has done much to reduce the difficulty of winter war, and although, unless she will either capitulate with the Poles, or can crush them in a manner which she has hitherto shown herself altogether unable to do, a course must before long be taken by the Western Powers, which will terminate her dominion in Poland. The achievements of her boasted army have sunk into a calendar of brutalities, and she can no more maintain even military government than she can anywhere implant a principle of moral authority.

OUR statesmen have sometimes shown a fondness for making great speeches on small occasions. The speech in which Sir Robert Peel first disclosed his free trade tendencies was delivered to an insignificant and almost private audience at Tamworth. Lord Palmerston's world-famous exposition of the "judicious bottle-holding" policy was addressed to a few vestrymen of Marylebone, who had casually dropped in at Downing-street. And now we have Earl Russell delivering to the tenantry of an Highland estate where he has been temporarily residing, an important statement of the principles on which the foreign affairs of this country are administered. It cannot be said that this speech was urgently called for. We all know, or fancy we know, pretty well what Lord Russell aims at, and what views are sure to prevail in his foreign policy. Nevertheless, it is satisfactory to hear a minister, to the conduct of whose department events have given extraordinary interest, express himself freely in an assembly of his countrymen. It reminds us how far those who govern us are from needing the shelter of inscrutability, and how truly the character of their measures is derived from the mind of the nation. And when the substance of Earl Russell's speech is examined there will be, we think, few readers not glad that it was made. The most considerable portion of Earl Russell's speech was devoted to American affairs, and the principles on which our conduct towards each of the belligerents has been governed. The noble lord has left unnoticed scarcely one of the complaints which North and South bring against us, and has answered them at length. We have no disposition to criticise singly all the propositions which Earl Russell has laid down; the noble lord's speech is most fairly judged as a whole. His language is that of a minister resolved that neither party shall have just cause of complaint against this country, and on the other hand that neither of them shall obtain that by menace or bluster which cannot be conceded to reason.

EXPLOSION OF THREE GUNPOWDER MILLS.

THE illustration in page 244 represents the explosion of powder mills at Hounslow. Early the other morning the inhabitants of Hounslow and the surrounding neighbourhood were awoken by a tremendous explosion. The close proximity of the mills of Messrs. Harvey and Curtis, gunpowder manufacturers, at once led to the belief that they were the cause of the alarm, and in a few moments after the fearful noise was heard numbers of the inhabitants rushed towards the locality of the mills to render assistance, should it be required. The scene of the explosion turned out to be three of the incorporating mills of the firm above-mentioned, which had blown up, as is usually the case in such calamities, in the most unaccountable manner. Search and inquiry was at once set on foot to ascertain whether any lives had been lost, but fortunately only one person was at all injured, as two of the mills had stopped work for a short time owing to scarcity of water. The property destroyed is very great.

MR. SERJEANT PIGOTT has been raised to the bench in the room of Baron Wilde.

AN ENGLISH GUNBOAT ATTACKED BY CHINESE PIRATES.—From Ningpo the *North China Herald* reports as follows:—"A serious encounter has taken place in Hangchow Bay between the British gunboat *Flamer*, the Chinese steamer *Paouchan*, and a number of piratical junks. A vessel named the *Rosina*, belonging to Messrs. Dent and Co., was captured by pirates during her voyage from Ningpo to Shanghai, and carried off by them into the recesses of the bay. For some time it was not known whither she had been taken, and her whereabouts was only discovered at last through information given by one of her native passengers, who escaped to Ningpo. The *Flamer* and *Paouchan* at once proceeded to the spot, but found the *Rosina* sunk and cargo abstracted. They were themselves vigorously attacked by the pirates and had considerable difficulty in beating them off. One of the crew of the former vessel was killed during the action, and the commander, Bosanquet, severely but not dangerously wounded in the thigh. Captain Barton, of the *Paouchan*, was also killed. The two vessels withdrew to Ningpo, but will immediately return in company with two other gunboats to endeavour to destroy the piratical fleet. The pirates have obtained a splendid prize, as the *Rosina* is stated to have had specie to the amount of 20,000 taels on board, besides a full cargo of tea."

WIFE MURDER IN NORFOLK.

THE details have come to hand of a shocking murder at Elsing, near East Dereham, Norfolk. The occurrence has excited the more interest from the fact that the victim was an infirm old woman, partially blind, lame, and deaf, while the perpetrator of the crime was her husband, an able-bodied man in the full vigour of life. It appears that the murdered woman's name is Charlotte Naylor, her husband being James Naylor, an agricultural labourer, in full employment. There was a difference of about thirty years in their age, the murdered woman being eighty-one and her husband fifty-one years of age. The cottage in which Naylor and his wife lived is situated in a row, and the adjacent dwellings on each side are occupied by two brothers named Isbell. During Sunday evening and Monday morning week, Naylor was heard by these brothers making a great noise, such ejaculations as "Oh, my heavenly Father," "My blessed Father," "My blessed Jesus," &c., being distinguished. He continued to conduct himself in a very excited manner, but on being remonstrated with by Mr. Matthews, a farmer in the parish, he desisted. During the remainder of the Monday afternoon, he continued quiet; but when Charles Isbell and his wife retired to rest they heard Mrs. Naylor speaking to her husband, and asking him if he was going to bed, and shortly afterwards a light was seen in their bedroom, and all seemed quiet for the night. After the lapse of about an hour, however, Isbell and his wife were awake by strange noises proceeding from Naylor's bedroom, and immediately afterwards they heard Mrs. Naylor cry out, "Oh, James, don't hurt me!" Then followed a loud shriek, succeeded by a heavy rumbling noise, as if something were being rolled or dragged down stairs; then came another shriek, and then a dead silence. Isbell and his wife continued to listen, and in a short time they heard the tread of heavy footsteps in the room underneath the chamber, and Naylor talking to himself and uttering wild ejaculations, which he repeated during the entire night. The suspicions of the neighbours being excited, some of the men forced an entrance into the house in the morning, when a horrid spectacle presented itself. At the foot of the stairs lay the poor old woman in her night-dress, marks of fearful violence being apparent. Her night-dress was in disorder. The body itself was partially doubled up, and the head and arms bore marks of the most cruel savagery; while one leg was broken just above the ankle. Marks of blood were evident on the person of the deceased, and there was a small pool of blood where the body lay. Upon further examination it was discovered that across the bedroom and down the stairs there was a blood track, clearly exhibiting the course in which the husband had dragged his victim. On a post-mortem examination being made by Mr. G. Taylor, surgeon, of Mattishall, more extensive injuries were discovered. Two ribs were found broken on one side and six on the other, injuring the pleura; while severe contusions were apparent on the head and temple. How these wounds were inflicted, and whether any weapon was used still remains a mystery. With regard to the motive for the crime, it appears that the old woman had secreted a small sum of money (£17s. 6d.), with which she intended to pay her rent, and that she had a dispute and struggle with her husband about it. When the prisoner was apprehended, he ascribed the dreadful deed to a desire "to obey his heavenly Father," and it is considered by some that he is suffering from religious monomania. The facts have been investigated before a coroner's jury, and Naylor has been committed for trial on a charge of wilful murder at the ensuing Norwich assizes.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

THE report of the directors of the Great Ship Company, to be presented at the general meeting of the proprietors, alludes with regret to the circumstances that have made it necessary to call them together to relieve the undertaking from its present embarrassments, or to wind up its affairs. While the number of passengers conveyed across the Atlantic exhibits satisfactory progress, the earnings from this as well as from the freight have been materially reduced by the severe competition between the two great rival companies that has been carried on throughout the season, as will be seen in the following table, from which we have merely struck out the shillings and pence:—

Date of voyage, 1863.	Number of Passengers.		Actual receipt of freight and passage money each voyage.	Receipts of freight and passage money as they would have been at rates of August, 1862.
	Out.	Home.		
May	564	388	£14,312	£17,908
June	1,033	323	11,819	18,730
August	1,139	248	11,186	20,585
			£37,308	£57,223

The report especially alludes to the accident off Montauk Point to which the present unfortunate state of affairs is chiefly attributable, from the delay and heavy expenses attending the repairs. The hurricane with which the ship had to contend on her last outward passage to New York was the subject of much comment by some of the passengers, who appear to have been more frightened than hurt. It is also especially stated that though she laboured considerably in consequence of the partial disablement of her paddle-wheels in the earlier part of the passage, no injury resulted to her hull or machinery, nor is the slightest symptom of straining observable in any part of the vessel. From the accounts it appears that the expenses of the Great Eastern during the present season are about £20,000 in excess of her earnings, and by a curious coincidence, is the difference between what the ship earned in her three voyages this year at the reduced rates, and what she would have earned under those of last year. In conclusion the report says:—"Your directors must impress upon the proprietors that the position of the company's affairs is most critical, and that immediate steps must be taken either to raise additional capital for the prosecution of the undertaking or to dissolve the company; this latter alternative your directors feel would amount to a total sacrifice of the property of the ordinary shareholders. It is for the proprietors to determine what is to be done. The ship cannot be retained in the possession of the company unless funds be raised immediately to pay off the existing trade debts, amounting to £30,002 19s. 4d., and whatever employment may be designed for her a further sum will be required for the necessary outfit, and the repairs needful for the efficient maintenance of the ship.—*Liverpool Albion.*"

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. John Humphery, Alderman of London, who expired on Monday afternoon, between twelve and one o'clock, at his private residence at Clapham-common. The deceased, as is well known, carried on a very extensive business as a wharfinger, and was the owner of the large property known as Hibernia Wharf, at London-bridge.

DRUNKENNESS IN THE THREE KINGDOMS.—The annual report on military prisons presents some curious statistics of the number of soldiers committed to military prisons for being drunk. In the five years 1848-52 the annual commitments in England averaged 78 in 10,000 on the force stationed in England; in Scotland the average was 122 in 10,000 on the force stationed there; in Ireland 201. In the next five years the annual average fell to 73 in England, 64 in Scotland, and 144 in Ireland. In the last five years it has been 79 in England, only 29 in Scotland, and but 68 in Ireland. It will be seen that the decline of the commitments in Ireland is enormous, but still greater in Scotland. The returns are not according to nationality of the men, but locality of station.

TOUR OF THE KING OF ITALY.

A TURIN letter of September 22nd has the following:—"To-day even the most pacific correspondent ought to neglect every other topic in favour of the three hundred and six guns which have been thundering upon the plains of Somma. I left Turin the day before the review, that is to say, on the 20th, and at dawn on the 21st had taken up a good position at Somma. In a short time all was in order, and the artillery drawn up in line of battle about a couple of miles in length. It was under the command of Lieutenant-General Valfre, Count di Bonzo. Shortly after ten o'clock some carabineers arrived at full gallop, and in the distance towards Gallarate, a cloud of dust was discerned. The royal march, played by the various regimental bands soon afterwards announced the arrival of the King from Turin. His Majesty was attended by forty-eight aides-de-camp and officers of ordinance, Prince Humbert, Prince Amadeus and Prince di Carignano, and in the midst of this brilliant staff the foreign uniforms could be seen of General Cadogan, of the English army; General Hasford, of the Russian army; Colonel Hagerlycht, with Captains Dahn and Von Hotten, of the Swedish army; Lieutenants Garachamin and Bogatchevitz, from the United Principalities, and others. There were also Prussian and Austrian officers present in abundance, but they were in civilian dress. Although the spot on which the review took place was very vast, yet the shouts of 'Viva il Re,' and 'Viva Vittorio,' sent forth by some three hundred thousand spectators, proved so loud that they could be distinctly heard in every part of the plain. The King galloped past all the batteries, and then placed himself immediately in front of the position occupied, so that though I saw his back I saw also the line of attack. The enemy was supposed to be in our direction, and six batteries were advanced for the purpose of dislodging him; but as he resisted vigorously, firing from his entrenchments, they were compelled to withdraw. Meanwhile six other batteries attacked him from the other side, and he appeared shaken. But this was a feint. He had changed his position, and was preparing to make a flank attack. A change of front was therefore ordered; and this was the finest sight of the day, for the movement was executed with so much rapidity and precision by this immense mass—guns and waggons, and what the Romans used to call the impediment—that it excited general admiration. A Prussian officer who was speaking with a Swiss officer close to me said:—"Now I begin to believe that there will be a great and real Italian army. I thought the excellent Piedmontese army was at an end, and that an Italian army would never be formed." By mid-day the supposed enemy was pressed on all sides by a sort of semicircle of fire, while his line of retreat by the railway was cut off, so that the battle was at an end. At one o'clock the fifty-one batteries began to file before the King, who had changed his position, and at three o'clock this part of the display was also over. The King and all his suite then left for Monza, the soldiers went to their bivouacs; and the crowd, after having shouted louder than ever 'Viva il Re,' dispersed by all the neighbouring roads."

At the review of troops at Milan, illustrated in page 252, several Austrian officers were present. A Milan letter says:—

"You will readily understand that to the Austrian officers accustomed to a large army there was nothing new in the military operations they saw. They might be astonished at the progress made in such a short time by the Italian army, but there was nothing to excite their envy. What must really have amazed them was the evident prosperity and cheerfulness of Milan, so gloomy and so vindictive when they occupied it four years ago. The Emperor of Austria went there several times, and some of the princes were continually there, but work as the police might to get up enthusiasm, the demonstrations were always cold—always had something of a funeral character. Yesterday, instead of this, nothing was heard but the shouts in all the Italian dialects of 'Long live the King,' 'Long live the Princes,' 'Long live our soldiers,' and 'Long live Italy.' The sham fight of yesterday was carried out under the orders of Lieutenant-General Count di Roveto. I will merely state that three brigades of infantry took part in it, together with two battalions of bersaglieri, two regiments of cavalry, brilliantly led by Prince Humbert, and two batteries of flying artillery, which excited general admiration. The people, who, when the Austrians manoeuvred in this same Piazza, were always few and silent, though the Austrians are excellent soldiers, actually seemed mad with enthusiasm yesterday."

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.

THE portrait in page 253 is that of King Victor Emmanuel, of Italy, who has lately been visiting his recently acquired dominions of Lombardy. King Victor Emmanuel was born in the year 1820, and ascended the throne at the abdication of his father, the 23rd of March, 1849.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

THE illustration in page 249 represents the exterior of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, the place where a recent grand banquet to the sailors of the Channel fleet was given by the inhabitants of Liverpool.

THE NEW LANDING STAGE AT LIVERPOOL.

THE great landing stage at Liverpool, represented in p. 248, erected at a cost of £140,000, is one of the "sights" of that wonderful city. It stretches from the southernmost point of Prince's Pier, to which it is attached by four bridges. The floor of the stage is 1,000 feet long by eighty-two feet wide, and horizontal throughout its whole length, with the exception of a slightly depressed portion at each end, for the convenience of loading and unloading the smaller class of steamers. This immense platform is supported on sixty-three rectangular water-tight pontoons, laid parallel to each other, and secured in their places by three rows of kelsons, the stage being moored by heavy chains, and connected with the pier by the four bridges just mentioned. The engineer was Sir W. Cubitt.

THE CHANNEL FLEET IN IRELAND.

ABOUT the break of day on Saturday, the vessels comprising the Channel fleet were descried about five miles to the northward of the Kish lights, near Dublin, being then under steam and canvas. They then tacked to the southward, bore down towards Dalkey Island, where they again tacked, and steered direct for the Man-of-War Roads, east-north-east of Kingstown Harbour. At seven a.m. precisely the anchors were dropped about one mile from the shore. A salute of thirteen guns was fired from on board her Majesty's ship Ajax, a man-of-war belonging to the station. The salute was returned by the Edgar (flagship) and the Black Prince. The fleet took up position in double line, the Edgar heading the in-shore line, and the Black Prince the out-shore. They steered across the Channel slowly at five knots an hour, first sighting the Bay of Dublin at five a.m. Crowds of spectators soon collected at the piers and wharves, and a number of small steamers at once commenced plying to and from the fleet, many thousands of the inhabitants of Dublin coming down to Kingstown by the railway, and several steamers. The vessels of the fleet were at once thrown open for public inspection, large numbers availing themselves of the privilege.

The Liverpool remained in the dock in the Mersey. She is moored with the view of watching Mr. Laird's iron-clads; and the Trinulo tender has left the fleet for Plymouth. The vessels at Dublin are the Black Prince, Emerald, Warrior, Royal Oak, Edgar, Defence, and Resistance.

TRIAL OF THE REPUTED NANA SAHIB.

THE overland mail brings information respecting the trial of the man who was supposed to be Nana Sahib. He arrived at Cawnpore on August 22, under an escort of Sikhs, the period of the year not being suitable for sending European soldiers in charge. The *Times of India* has the following from a correspondent in its impression of August 31:—

"Cawnpore, August 23.

"The man supposed to be the rebel Nana Dhoondia Punt was brought into this station a prisoner yesterday morning, and is now lodged in the station gaol. He was brought in by Captain Carnell, with a guard of three Sikhs. His arrival caused considerable commotion in the city at first, for it was generally believed that the coming prisoner was veritably the Nana. But in a very few hours after he left the railway station that excitement had quite subsided. Hundreds of people, to whom the person of the Nana was well known, had seen the prisoner, and all declared that he was not the man. Among these are people who had been daily with the Nana, and some of them in constant attendance upon him at Bithoor and elsewhere for years before his flight. It might be expected, of course, that such persons would—most of them—deny his identity, even falsely; but the tacit evidence of an entire population, as expressed in the marked and speedy cessation of their anxiety about, or further interest in, the man, is matter of great importance. It is, nevertheless, still possible, however improbable, that circumstantial evidence, added to that of his blind companion, who has turned informer, may yet prove him to be the Nana. On the opening of the cutcherry, the magistrate (H. Monckton, Esq., C.S.) at once had the prisoner brought before him, charged with being the rebel Nana Dhoondia Punt. He denies that he is so, and declares that he is a Brahmin who has been a faqueer nearly all his life; that his name is Appa Ram, son of Damodhur, born in a village on the banks of an obscure river in the Deccan; and that, while he was yet a child, his father was murdered there. He says he had two brothers. On the death of his father, he (then twelve years old), with his brothers, adopted the vagrant life of a faqueer. His brothers, he says, he has never seen nor heard of since they set out after their father's death. He states that a few years ago he visited the village where he was born, and was then recognised by three or four persons living there, whom he names; but they are all dead now. (How does he know of their death?) The village itself, too, he declares has now ceased to exist, having been washed away, and entirely destroyed by an encroachment of the river; and its inhabitants are now undiscoverable, being, as he says, absorbed in the population of the surrounding country. (A rather suspicious and certainly unsatisfactory tale). Dr. Cheke and Dr. Jones assisted the magistrate during the first day's proceedings, which bore solely on the point of his personal appearance. Dr. Cheke was formerly civil surgeon of Cawnpore; Dr. Jones is so now. In his office of civil surgeon Dr. Cheke attended professionally upon the Nana, but does not recognise the prisoner in any way. His person does not show the expected marks or traces said to have been left by surgical treatment for certain minor diseases. In fact, Dr. Cheke is very strongly of opinion that the prisoner is not the Nana. With the assistance of the medical officers above named, the magistrate drew up a most minute description of the prisoner's person, and with that the first day's proceedings closed, to be resumed the following morning."

The prisoner has been finally proved not to be the Nana Sahib.

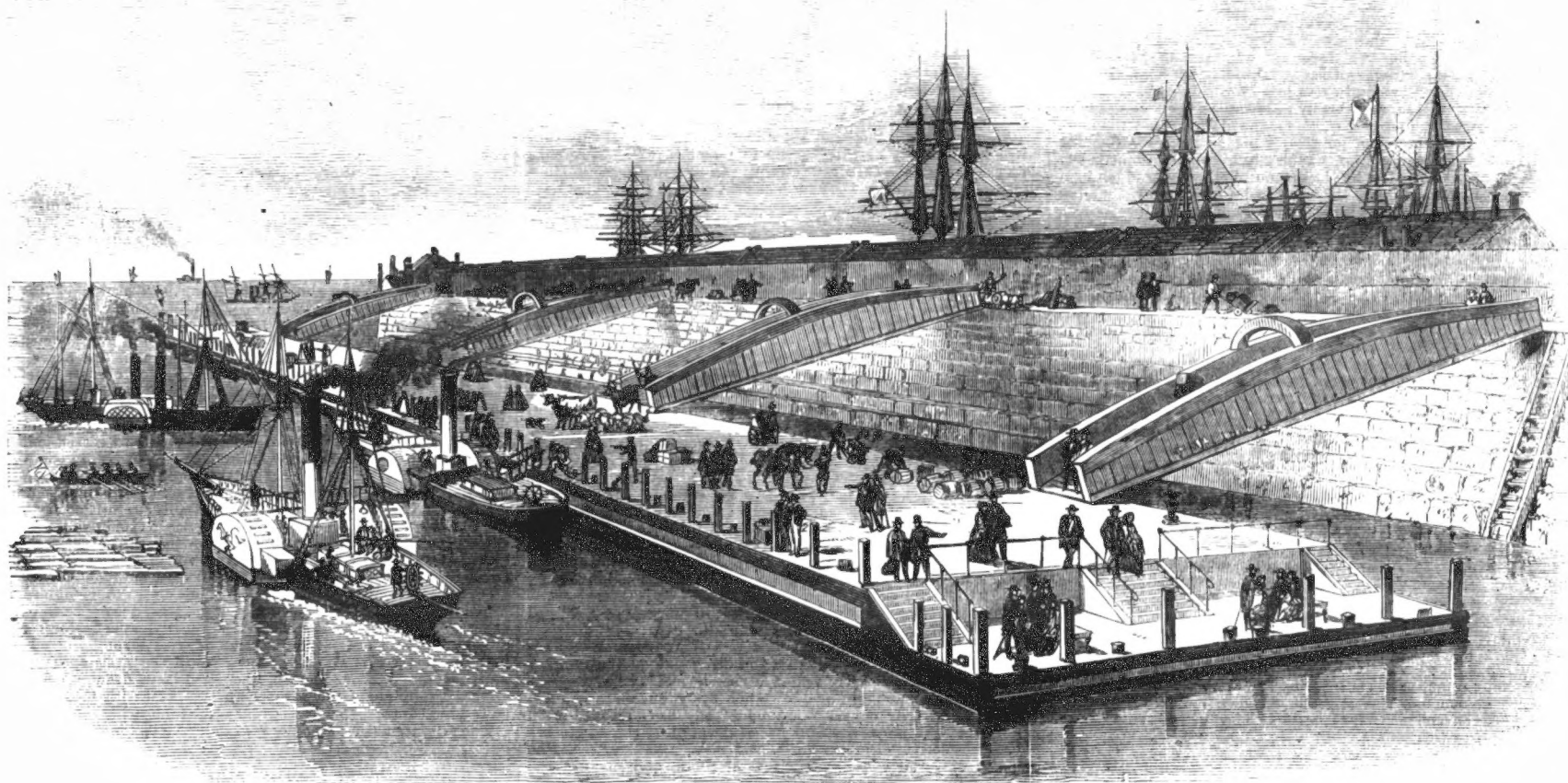
ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE RUSSIAN GENERAL BERG.

A WARSAW letter of September 20 contains the following:—

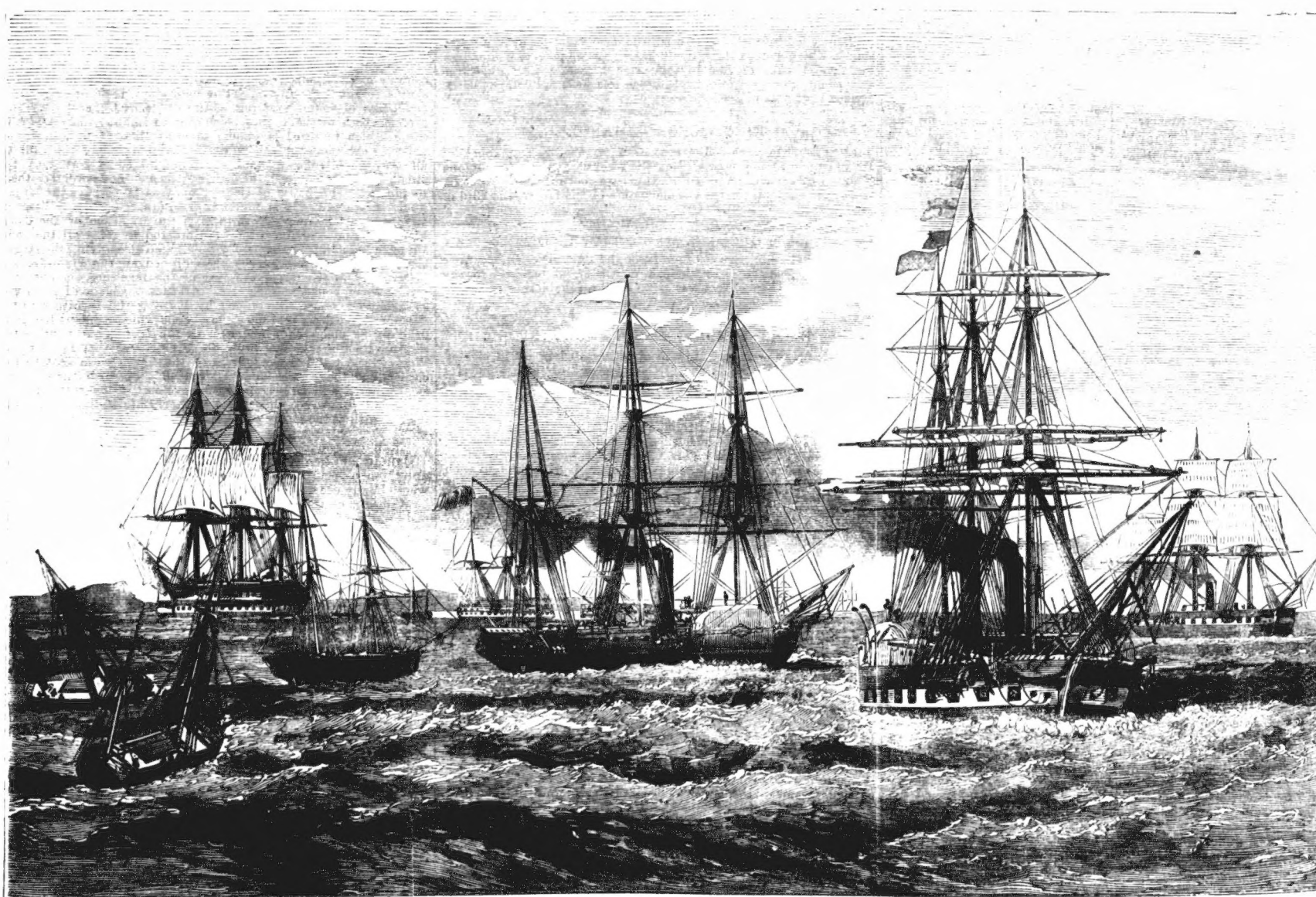
"Yesterday this city was the witness of a dreadful scene. About half-past five in the afternoon some one threw an explosive bomb at General Berg, as he was driving through the street called Nowy Swiat. The missile made a great noise, but did little harm, for General Berg escaped without a scratch. The police surrounded the house of Count Andrew Zamoyaki, in front of which the occurrence took place, and Berg drove off to the castle. Arrests and revisions would be the only consequences of such an event in a country under civilized rulers; but the Russian Government understands things differently. Not an hour elapsed before several detachments of troops, sent out of the castle by General Berg, surrounded both of the houses belonging to Count Zamoyaki. The scene which followed is almost indescribable. The director of police, Lewezyn, and other generals who were present, ordered all the inhabitants, without exception, to come out into the street, led the troops into their apartments, and ordered them to pillage. The house of Count Zamoyaki is perhaps the largest house in Warsaw. It is four storeys high, and has a frontage of twenty five windows. Next to it is the residence of the count himself. The soldiery, who were ordered to seize all the most valuable articles, took the money they found also, giving the largest share to their officers. They then opened all the windows, and threw out into the street the rest of the furniture, such as beds, pianos, linen, books, and pictures. All that was made of glass was smashed to pieces. They ended by burning the furniture in the street, and breaking into the cellars of the wine merchant Koupeki, drinking as much wine and rum as they could, and pouring the rest into the gutter. The fire was so extensive that it lit up all Warsaw. All the male lodgers of the house were sent to the citadel, and the women and children shut up with the soldiery. One hundred and twenty families have been thus ruined; their property is destroyed, their male members are in the citadel, and their women at the mercy of the soldiery."

DARING BURGLARY AT MOSELEY HALL.—On Friday night, at about ten o'clock, says the *Birmingham Post*, Mr. W. H. Dawes, whose family occupy Moseley Hall, found his bedroom door had been secured on the inside. Forcing it open he entered the room, and to his astonishment found that place and his dressing-room adjoining in great confusion. A coal-box had been thrown over drawers were forced open, and articles of wearing apparel and papers lay strewn about the rooms. A cash-box, containing £20, had been taken from a table at the foot of the bed, a considerable quantity of wearing apparel had been removed from the drawers in the dressing-room and packed up ready to be taken away, while Mrs. Dawes's jewellery-case had been wrenched open, and a pair of gold band bracelets, a malachite bracelet, a gold brooch, with beetle; a pearl brooch, with pendant of pearls; a cameo brooch, the subject of which was a fishing scene; an enamelled brooch, with three figures painted on it; a mourning brooch, with a "forget-me-not" of pearls and diamonds; a shawl pin, in the shape of a key; an old silver lever watch, the enamel of the face slightly cracked; a gold chain, a gold pencil-case, and a gold locket were stolen from it. The entrance, it is supposed, was made through the window by the aid of a ladder stolen from some new buildings in course of erection near the hall. It is believed the burglars were surprised, and hurriedly left the place, as several articles packed ready for removal had been left behind. The grounds around the hall have been thoroughly searched, and a reward has been offered for any information which may lead to the capture of the burglars, but at present without the desired result.

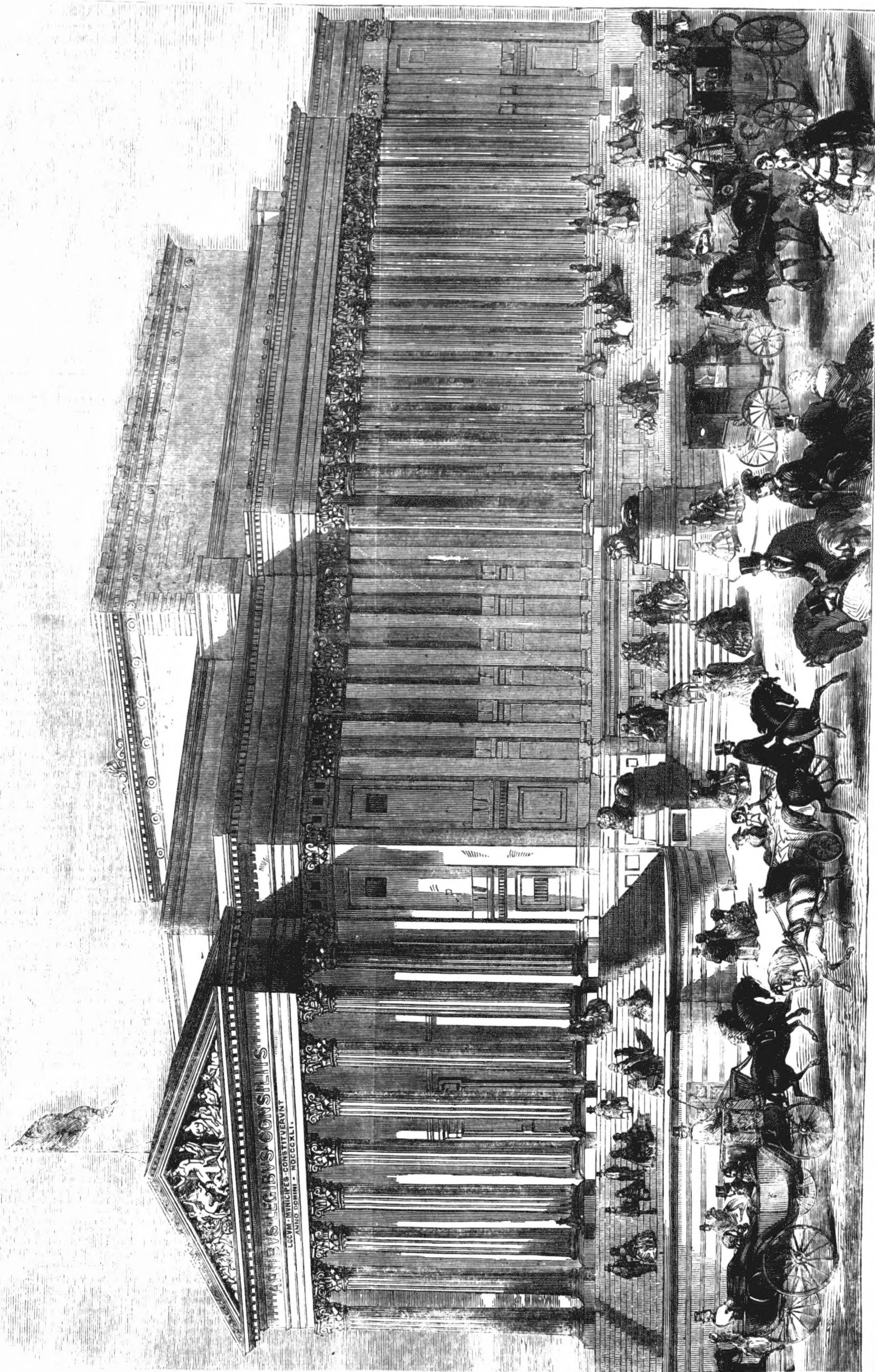
HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advertisement.]



CHANNEL FLEET AT LIVERPOOL.—THE NEW LANDING STAGE (See page 247.)



CHANNEL FLEET AT LIVERPOOL.—SCENE IN THE MERSEY AT ITS DEPARTURE. (See page 247.)



THE CHANNEL FLEET AT LIVERPOOL.—EXTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S HALL. (See page 247.)

Chess.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

A FOOD AND LUXURY WITHOUT A FAULT.—No parent or invalid should fail to buy Maizena. It was reported by the jury of the Exhibition "Exceedingly Excellent for food," and obtained the two prize medals, being the sole awards gained by any article of its kind. Maizena is highly recommended by our first physicians as the best, lightest, most palatable, and most nutritious food for invalids and children, and prepared according to the directions given, it may be made into the most delicious cakes, custards, puddings, blanc manees, and other exquisite dishes effecting a wonderful saving in eggs, sugar, &c.—[Advertisement.]

Tab and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

BOW STREET.

A WOULD-BE PRINCESS OF WALES.—A woman of about fifty years of age, and by no means prepossessing appearance applied to the magistrate for advice. "Your worship," said the applicant, "I am the Princess of Wales. You see it in all the papers about the Princess Alexandra, and this man (pointing to the usher) he does not understand it and knows nothing about it, but I have come to them as understanders and knows that I was married to the Prince of Wales and lived with him two nights, and then he left me, and now he is married to the Princess Alexandra, while they have a subscription for me on the stock exchange, and I know they will give me the money. I wrote for it, and here I have got the answer. They say they would give me any pecuniary aid, and here are the initials 'M.B.' Now, sir, I have come to ask you what 'M.B.' means, and whether I cannot make them give me the money. The magistrate told her that he would not give her any advice, having nothing to do with the matter referred to. The applicant said she had been to other police courts, and had been referred to Bow-street. She proceeded with a number of irrelevant statements, the hearing of which it was impossible to make out, except that she complained of ill-treatment on the part of an official in a red coat, who she said evidently did not believe that she was the real Princess of Wales. The magistrate listened patiently for some time, but seeing that she was not disposed to make an end of her application, his worship ultimately suggested to the usher to "get the poor creature away." Ultimately she left, saying she should go to another court.

WESTMINSTER.

A DEPLORABLE CASE.—A man of gentlemanly appearance and address, who appeared overwhelmed with grief, addressing the magistrate, said he had to sell his wife under circumstances of a most painful description. He regretted to say that his wife was utterly given over to drink, and that his two young children were not only grossly neglected but were endangered by her common and repeated intoxication. This unhappy state of things had been going on for three years, and threatened inevitable beggary, as she took out everything that could be disposed of to indulge her unhappy propensity, and applicant was most anxious to have the magistrate's advice as to the course he had better pursue. Mr. Arnold: It is really very distressing, but I have no power to help you. Applicant: I really cannot live with her any longer; if I do, we must all soon become chargeable to the parish. Cannot you make an order for her admission into the workhouse? I would then maintain her. Mr. Arnold: I cannot. I have no jurisdiction in the matter. Applicant: Will you favour me with your advice? Mr. Arnold: As a magistrate I cannot but as a man of the world I should recommend you to separate from her and to allow her a separate maintenance. Applicant: She is not in a state of mind to make any arrangement. Mr. Arnold: It is a sad case, but I fear not an uncommon one. Applicant: Pardon me if I inquire upon another head. The consequence of her continual drunkenness is that her conduct is perfectly childish; she does not know what she is about. Mr. Arnold: If you can obtain the certificate of a medical man that she is insane, she may be placed in an asylum, and there taken care of. Applicant: A medical man has seen her, but will not give the necessary certificate. He says that she is bordering on insanity. Mr. Arnold: Then he declines to give a certificate? Applicant: He does. May I ask you another question? Mr. Arnold: Assuredly. Applicant: Has the father power to take away the children from the mother? Mr. Arnold: What are the ages of the children? Applicant: Twelve months and three years. Mr. Arnold: The mother is entitled to the custody of the children up to the age of seven years, unless it can be shown that she is totally unfit to have charge of them, but that is not a matter within my jurisdiction.

CLERKENWELL.

A FATHER ROBBED BY HIS DAUGHTER.—Sarah Bostle, aged 21, was charged with stealing a number of silver spoons and other articles, the property of her father, George Samuel Bostle, Huntingdon-street, Caledonian-road. Mr. Bostle stated that his daughter was his housekeeper. He had a difficulty. A few days since he spoke to his daughter about some articles that were missing, and she admitted that she had pawned them, and she handed over to him a bundle of duplicates. She had before robbed him. Mr. G. Bostle, a pawnbroker in the Caledonian-road, said the prisoner had called and asked him to purchase some bedding, upon which he went to her house and saw the articles. She said she was a married woman, and her husband had got into difficulties. He advised her only to pledge the bedding, and then she could have the things back again at any time. This advice she took, and he gave her £3 10s for what she proposed to pawn, which was nearly the value of them. In answer to the magistrate, the father said he wished to have his daughter imprisoned for a long term, and he wanted to have his property returned to him. Mr. D'Eyncourt said in that case he should be obliged to commit her for trial. Mr. Bostle intimated that he would rather give up the articles at once than that the prisoner should be ruled by such a course. Mr. D'Eyncourt thought that Mr. Bostle's conduct could in no respect be blamed, but if the case went for trial the judge would decide upon what terms the articles should be given up. Two other pawnbrokers proved the pledging of silver spoons and other articles by the prisoner, who it appeared, had purchased inferior spoons, &c., to prevent her father from finding her out. The accused was then committed for trial.

SUNDAY PRIZE FIGHTING.—John Griffiths, a stiff-built young fellow, who said he was a labourer, of Seacoal-lane, City, was charged before Mr. Barker with being one of the principals in a fight that was taking place on Sunday in the fields at the top of Camden-square, St. Paneras. Mr. Middleton, of Adams-place, Holloway, said that on Sunday morning, about seven o'clock, he was out walking, when he heard a great disturbance, and on going into the fields at the top of Camden-square, he saw a large number of men assembled, and in a ring that was formed two men were stripped and fighting, the prisoner being one of them. The bystanders were shouting and swearing, and altogether the scene was the most disgraceful he had ever witnessed. It was a regular prize fight, although he was not aware that the combatants were fighting for money. Not wishing to see the Sabbath desecrated in such a disgraceful manner, he endeavoured to find a policeman, but he was more than an hour before he could find one. He did not think the prisoner was the worst of those that were present. Several respectable persons who were attracted to the spot by the noise made by the ruffians assembled, complained loudly of such a disgraceful exhibition being allowed to go on for such a length of time without any interference on the part of the police. Police-constable 580 N said he went to the spot indicated by the last witness, and found a large mob of persons assembled there. The prisoner, who was stripped, was fighting with another man. He took the prisoner into custody, but his antagonist made his escape. Several of the inhabitants of the district complained that such fights should be allowed to take place, and that that fight had been going on for an hour. The field in which the fight took place was not in a division, but was on the S division ground. A person in court said that the field in question was in an isolated out of the way spot, and these disgraceful exhibitions were of frequent occurrence. The parties assembled on Sunday made a very great noise and disturbed the inhabitants. The prisoner said he was very sorry for what had occurred, and if he was allowed to go he would take care he did not get into any trouble any more. The man with whom he was fighting and his brothers had on several occasions challenged him, and on Sunday morning he was called up according to arrangement, and he went to the spot in question to settle the matter. (The prisoner was severely punished about the head and face, his eyes were blacked, and the back of his left hand was very severely swollen.) Mr. Barker said it was a very unseemly proceeding, the more especially as it had occurred on a Sunday morning. The prisoner had been a great deal talked about, and he hoped that would be a lesson to him. Would he promise not to fight any more? The prisoner remarked that he was exceedingly sorry, and would promise never to fight any more. Mr. Barker said that on this occasion, the prisoner having made that promise, and taking all things into consideration, as well as the prisoner having been locked up for some hours, he should now discharge him, and he had better be careful how he again offended, or he would not doubt be severely dealt with. The defendant then left the court apparently much pleased with the decision.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

THE ADMIRAL AND THE CABMAN.—Admiral William Shepherd, of 4, Francis-street, Paddington, was charged before Mr. Knox on a warrant for non-payment of a cab fare. George Vincent, a cabman, said that, on the 27th of July last, the defendant got into his cab at the top of the Haymarket. He drove the defendant to Whitehall-yard, and waited fifteen minutes, and then took him to No 52, Oxenden-street, and claimed 1s. 6d., which the defendant did not pay him. Admiral Shepherd said he had no recollection of the affair at all. He had plenty of money at the time, and did not think any one calling himself a gentleman with money in his pocket, would cheat a cabman. As for the summonses, he had never received them. The cabman said he had attended the court three times. One of the warrant officers said there were two summonses and a warrant against the defendant. The summonses were served at 4, Francis-street,

Paddington, and the landlady of the house said the admiral did not live there regularly, but that he was in the habit of coming there, and had his letters left for him. Admiral Shepherd said that he resided at Ilford, and sometimes he went to Francis-street and sometimes to other places. The other said the admiral knew there was a warrant out against him, for he met him a fortnight ago, and showed it to him, and he promised to attend the court. Mr. Knox told the admiral that, as he had failed to attend, he had accumulated 11s. 6d. costs, which, with the fine, he must pay. The amount was paid.

WORSHIP-STREET.

BIRDS WITH FALSE TAILS.—A tall middle-aged gentleman presented himself to Mr. Leigh, and asked his advice under these circumstances:—The applicant stated that he resided at Clapham, and his wife was very partial to singing and other rare birds, of which, in fact, she had formed a large collection. A few days ago he accompanied some friends to the Crystal Palace, and while he was there a young man, who professed himself to be, and who in reality looked like a dealer in birds, called at his house, and as he asked to see the lady of it, his wife granted him an interview. The man then uncovered a cage, and showed his wife two very beautiful birds, with handsome tails about six inches long, and of a brilliant blue colour. The man said that they were very rare birds, brought with a good deal of trouble from the coast of South Africa, and that the one with the most blue on its tail was the cock and the other a hen. These he offered for sale to his (the applicant's) wife, who admired the birds, but seemed liked to pay so much as he asked for them, on which the man, seeing her hesitation, offered to take others in part exchange, with such sum as might be agreed on for the balance. His wife acceded to this, and after some bargaining, the man consented to take a handsome singing canary and two acavats, with 10s. in cash, in exchange for his birds and left them, taking with him the three birds belonging to his wife, the whole value the lady paid by this exchange being altogether about 60s. The servant at the time had some suspicion of an imposition, and examined the new birds, but left their opinion to be confirmed by his judgment, which he proceeded to form the next morning, but on going to examine them he was vexed to find that one of the birds had died during the night, and had died from the scandalous cruelty to which it had been subjected; for, on taking it out and examining it, he found that the tails of both were false tails, and had been cruelly stuck on to the birds with sealing-wax, but with so much dexterity as to almost defy detection. He upon this called in a neighbour who was conversant with birds, and was convinced, as, indeed, was everybody else who saw them, that they were not foreign birds at all, but common English greenfinches. On looking into the cage he found there a paper bag, with the name of a dealer in cages in the neighbourhood of Old Old-street upon it, and to this house he went that morning to remonstrate or get himself reimbursed, but, though a young man he saw there most resembled the man who had called on his wife, and whom she described, he denied strongly that he was so. He said, however, that he knew where he (the applicant) came from, and had a suspicion that he knew the man who had practised the imposition upon his wife, but it would take some time to find him, and he had better therefore leave the matter in his hands, and he would see what he could do for him. He (the applicant) was still satisfied that the man who so spoke to him was the same who had defrauded his wife, and he wanted to know whether the magistrate would grant a warrant for his apprehension. Mr. Safford (the clerk) said the only fact that could bring the matter within this court's jurisdiction was the false representation, that they were African birds, when in fact they were English, as that was evidently the inducement to the lady for parting with her money. Mr. Leigh asked the gentleman whether they were British birds, to which the gentleman said they were so undoubtedly, and as plainly greenfinches. Mr. Leigh said he could not deal with the matter himself, and under any circumstances a conviction would be attended with difficulty; but if the applicant were certain of the man, and he was in circumstances to pay the costs and expenses, he could sue him in the County Court. The applicant thanked the magistrate for his attention, but said he would take time for consideration.

TOO KIND BY FAR.—Henry Mordan, 24, was charged before Mr. Leigh with robbery. Archibald Reid, a respectable dressed man, with one of his hands in a sling, stated that while returning to his own residence in the Strand, accompanied by a friend in a cab, at nine o'clock p.m., the cab, from some cause which he in his confusion could not ascertain, was overturned upon its side in Shore-ditch, and his hand was severely cut by the glass from the window. A mob instantly collected, and the prisoner and another man ran up to the open window and offered to help complainant out through it. Witness gladly accepted their assistance, and was lifted on to the pavement, when, as he was anxious about his friend, who was still in the cab, he wanted to go round to help him, but the prisoner and his associate, seeing his injured hand, exclaimed, "No, never mind him; you are very bad, and must come to the surgeon's." Witness tried to resist, but they each seized him by an arm and forced him along to a doctor's near at hand, when, upon getting to the door-step, he felt a slight tug at his watch chain, followed by the men letting go of him and running away. On looking down at his waistcoat, he found that his watch had been broken away from the chain. He instantly followed the prisoner, shouting, "Stop thief," and steadily kept him in sight, till the latter, thinking that his best chance of escape, doubled back upon the crowd surrounding the overturned cab, and was grasped at and secured by an officer who was holding the horse's head. The prisoner loudly protested his innocence, and declaimed upon the injustice of charging him with a theft, his only offence being his kindness in indirectly helping an injured man. The prisoner pleaded "Guilty," to ensure a summary conviction, and was sentenced to six months' hard labour in the House of Correction.

THAMES.

CHARGE OF ROBBERY A FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—Charles Hart, a fellowship porter, aged 32, of No. 2, Raymond-street, St. George's-in-the-East, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with stealing £22 9s., the moneys of the Sons of Honour Friendly Society, held at the Shepherd and Shepherdess public-house Old Gravel-lane, Ratcliff-highway. Mr. Orridge, barrister, instructed by Mr. Eaden, of 10, Gray's-in-square, conducted the prosecution; Mr. Stoddart, solicitor, defended the prisoner, who appeared very ill and dejected, and was accommodated with a seat. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner was a member of the Sons of Honour. On the 1st of January, 1862, he and another member named Thomas Jagger, a cooper, were elected trustees. All moneys belonging to the society were invested in the names of the trustees. On the 7th of the same month, the prisoner and his co-trustees received £21 9s. from the steward for investment in the Tower Hamlets Savings Bank, Osborn-street, Whitechapel. The money was invested accordingly to meet claims for funeral expenses. Early in May, 1862, the trustees received directions from the steward and secretary of the society to withdraw the money they had invested, and they gave the required notice at the savings bank, where the prisoner attended alone, and received the money invested in the month of January of the same year. The prisoner ought to have paid over the money to the steward of the club on the same night he received it. He attended the meeting of the society that night, but without the money, which he acknowledged to having received. Mr. Jagger, one of the stewards, Mr. Toppe, the secretary, and other members, requested him to produce the money. He said he could not, and that he had left it with his brother. The steward and secretary asked him to fetch it. He refused to do so, and after much hesitation, lies, and equivocation on the part of the prisoner, he put the whole society to defiance, declared he had the money and meant to stick to it, and, finally, when pressed to pay the money over to the steward, in accordance with the rule, he made use of a filthy expression, and exclaimed, "I'll see you all—first before I pay a farthing." He said "stick to the money," expended it for his own sensual gratifications, and then absconded. He subsequently promised to make good his defaultation by payments of 10s. per week. He did not pay the first instalment. The society consists of fifty-six members only, the funds are limited, and the loss of £22 9s., of which the prisoner robbed his brother members, who are all very poor men, was severely felt by them. The case was made out against the prisoner in the clearest manner, and Mr. Stoddart said he could not resist a commitment, and should reserve Hart's defence. Committed.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S BRUTALITY.—Mr. George Wilson, the master of the Aldgate Charity School, on Tower-hill, adjoining the Royal Mint, appeared before Mr. Partridge upon an adjourned summons, charged with violently assaulting John Edward Jones, one of his pupils, aged twelve years. It appeared from the evidence that Jones was a "day boy," and had been in the school three years. In the course of that time he had been beaten forty times. A fortnight before he took out the summons his hands were cut with a cane very severely. On Monday last, after school hours, the defendant said he should punish him for what he did on the previous day (Sunday), and took him into the schoolroom. The window blinds were pulled down, the boy was blindfolded and unbreeched, and the defendant proceeded to administer punishment with a leather strap doubled. The boy counted thirty blows. After the chastisement the bandage was taken from his eyes, and he was set at liberty. He met his sister, a girl of fourteen, who is being educated in the female schools. She had heard his screams and took him home. In cross-examination it was elicited that there had been four masters of the Aldgate school in the course of the last four years, and that all of them had punished the boy, Jones, for inattention, talking in school, and dropping his slate. The general punishment was two strokes on the hand with a cane before all the boys assembled. The defence was that the schoolmaster fogged the boy for telling a lie, and did

not inflict more than twenty stripes. He used the strap of thin leather because the boy's hands were not well. The punishment was necessary for the discipline of the school, the boys generally belonging to the rougher class. Several of the boys were examined, and said the defendant was very kind to them, and that the punishments inflicted by him were less severe than those administered by his predecessors, and not so numerous. He took two boys to Ramsgate for a holiday at his own expense, and had also taken all the boys out to the fields for cricketing. The Rev. J. M. Robertson, incumbent of St. Botolph, Aldgate, and a trustee of the charity school, said the defendant was selected as master six months ago, from between thirty and forty candidates, and had since conducted the school to the entire satisfaction of the trustees. A complaint being made by Mrs. Jones in June last, the case was thoroughly examined by the trustees and the charge of cruelty declared to be groundless. There were no rules and regulations framed for the discipline of the school. It was left to the discretion and judgment of the master. Mr. William Robins, schoolmaster, of No. 2, Princes-street, Stepney, and other witnesses, gave the defendant an excellent character. Mr. Partridge had been surprised to hear the master of a parochial school in Lion-grove say he disapproved of punishments in public. He, on the contrary, strongly disapproved of punishments by schoolmasters in private. Such a system would not be tolerated in our old-established public schools. He put it to the Rev. Mr. Robertson and his co-trustees whether specific rules ought not to be laid down and the number of stripes named. It had been proved to his satisfaction that severe and undue punishment was inflicted on the lad. In spite, therefore, of the good character given to the defendant he should not be doing his duty if he did not inflict on him the full penalty of 6l., and in default of payment two months' imprisonment. The defendant paid the fine.

THE "ENRAGED MUSICIAN."—Edward Jeffs, or Jepp, a tall young man, was brought before Mr. Partridge charged with being drunk and disorderly, assaulting Thomas Munt, his landlord, and destroying furniture. Mr. Munt, of No. 12, Jubilee-place, Jubilee-street, Stepney, said the prisoner occupied two rooms in his house. On Saturday evening the prisoner, who was intoxicated, came into the kitchen of the house and wanted to remain there. He told the prisoner that he could not do so as he expected some friends. The prisoner made a great disturbance, abused him, and made use of the most dreadful language. He led the prisoner to his own room, and was about to leave it when the prisoner took up a violin and struck him on the nose with it. The prisoner then smashed the violin. The door was the next object of attack, and that was broken up. The prisoner then demolished the partition of his room, and destroyed the chairs and other furniture. He called a police-constable and gave the prisoner into custody. Mr. Partridge: He plays on the violin? Witness: Yes; he was playing with it on Saturday evening, and then broke it. Mr. Partridge: He appeared to have acted the part of "The Enraged Musician." The prisoner, in defence, said he was a barber as well as a musician, and had so much business to attend to on Saturday and so many notes to pull, that he became quite unnerved, and thought he could put his nerves in order and carry on his business if he drank some liquor. The liquor had an effect contrary to what he intended, and made his nerves worse. He played a tune on his violin, but that did not soothe him, and he did not know what he did afterwards. Mr. Partridge said the prisoner was a very foolish man, and ordered him to enter into his own recognizances to keep the peace to all her Majesty's subjects, and especially to Mr. Munt, for six months.

SOUTHWARK.

A "RESPECTABLE YOUNG MAN" IN TROUBLE.—Thomas Vale, a well-known young thief, was charged with stealing a valuable gold watch from the person of Mr. William Woodward Frank, under the following daring circumstances. The prosecutor stated that about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of August last he was waiting for a friend in Gibson-street, Waterloo-road, when a crowd collected round some persons near him. Witness was passing away from that spot when the prisoner rushed up against him, snatched at his watch, broke it from the chain and ran off with it. He pursued him, but was prevented from capturing him by a number of his companions, who intercepted him. Witness gave information to the police, and he now identified him as the thief. Prisoner: How can you say so? I am a respectable, hard-working young man, and I never saw you before in my life. Please, your worship, the gentleman is mistaken about me. The prosecutor told his worship that he was perfectly satisfied he was the thief, and after he heard the constables give their evidence no doubt he would be of the same opinion. Police-constable 77 I, said he received information of the robbery, with a description of the prisoner, and he apprehended him in the New-cut. Magistrate: Do you know anything about him? Witness: Oh, yes, sir. He sometimes works as a costermonger in the New-cut, but he is a well known thief. There is a constable in court who can prove a former conviction against him. Magistrate: What have you to say to that? Prisoner: Well, all I have to say is that I am innocent of this charge, and it is all a conspiracy against me. Police-constable 91 I said he knew the prisoner well as an associate of thieves, and in February, 1863, he was tried under the New Criminal Police Act, at Lambeth Police-court, and sentenced to three months' hard labour. He had been several times previously summarily convicted of felony. The magistrate said that after that he had no doubt as to the prisoner's avocation, and he should fully commit him for trial.

ROBBERY OF A VALUABLE GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN DETECTED BY A PAWN-BROKER.—Ellen Connor, a thin, heavily-looking young woman, with an infant in her arms, was brought up for dual examination, charged with stealing a gold watch and chain, worth £20, the property of Eliza Litchard. The latter, an elderly female, said she was head nurse to the St. Giles's and St. George's Bloomsbury Union. About two months ago the prisoner came into the house and was delivered of the child she held in her arms. Seeing her to be a friendless girl, witness was very kind to her, and employed her to assist in her department. On Wednesday morning, the 16th ult., witness left her watch and chain on the dressing-table in her bedroom. Between nine and ten o'clock the prisoner asked to be allowed to go out for a short time, and she allowed her to do so. Some time after she had gone, witness had occasion to go into her bedroom for something, when, to her surprise, she missed her gold watch and chain and eight shillings off the dressing-table. The prisoner never returned to the house, consequently, she gave information to the police, and a few days ago she heard that the prisoner had been given into custody by a pawnbroker in Tooley-street, Borough. Mr. Charles Sells, pawnbroker, carrying on business at Nos 193 and 194 Tooley-street, said that on Wednesday morning, the 16th inst., about eleven o'clock, the prisoner came into his shop and presented the gold watch and chain in pledge for £7. Witness examined it, and, finding it to be a valuable one, asked her whether it was her own. She replied that it was, and when he asked her where she got it, she said it was her own for the present, and then she said she was pledging it for Ellen Wilson, residing at Elm-bury, and he had better give it her back if he did not like to take it in. Witness told her to bring the party, and she went out, but he called a police-constable and gave her into custody. In the presence of the officer she said that she had been sleeping with a sailor, and he left it to her to keep. In answer to the charge, the prisoner said she was extremely sorry for what she had done. Another woman advised her to steal it. She pleaded "Guilty," and hoped his worship would deal with her leniently. The magistrate told the prisoner she was quite old enough to know the wickedness of stealing property that did not belong to her. She had committed a most ungrateful robbery; but, as she was not known before, he should sentence her to the mitigated punishment of four months' hard labour. As for Mr. Sells, he had conducted himself in such a manner as deserved the approbation of the court. It was not the first time he had been the means of detecting robberies, and he only wished all pawnbrokers acted like him.

HEENAN'S VISIT TO THE BOROUGH AND THE PICKPOCKETS.—Thomas Ball, a smart looking young fellow, was brought up in custody, charged with stealing a gold watch from the person of William Hunter, under the following circumstances:—The prosecutor said that, about nine o'clock on the previous night, he was passing up the Borough, and when near St. George's Church he saw a crowd of persons round a public-house in Church-street. Being anxious to see what was the matter, he stopped and went in the crowd, and while looking over he felt his watch go, and on looking down he perceived the prisoner bending down hitting his watch from the chain, and he succeeded in getting off with it. Witness followed him, and after a smart chase captured him near the Mint, when he gave him into custody, but the watch could not be found. The magistrate asked what the crowd was collected about. Sergeant Gardiner the acting inspector, informed his worship that Mr. Heenan, the celebrated American prize-fighter, was paying a visit to Jenny Welsh's, the Griffin Tavern, in Church-street, and everybody about seemed anxious to get a glimpse of him. The thieves, however, on that spot outnumbered the respectable people, and several persons he understood were robbed. In answer to the charge, the prisoner said he knew nothing of the gentleman's watch. He was standing, like many others of the crowd, trying to get a glimpse of Heenan, when some one pushed him against the gentleman, and the latter said to him "You have stolen my watch." He was going home then, when he told the gentleman that he knew nothing of his watch, and he never had it. The magistrate asked him how he got his living. He replied that he worked about the docks at times, and did odd jobs in the street. He was not a thief, but a hard-working young man. The magistrate asked whether he was known to the police. Sergeant Gardiner replied that at present he was known, but from the manner in which he had committed the robbery, no doubt he was a practised thief. He therefore asked for a remand. The magistrate told the prisoner that according to the evidence of the prosecutor there could be no doubt of his guilt, and as some inquiries must be made about him, he should remand him for a week.



THE KING OF ITALY'S VISIT TO MILAN.—APPEARANCE OF THE CAMP FROM THE SIMPLON ARCH. (S. PAGE 247.)



VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF ITALY, AND PRINCE HUMBERT, HIS SON. (See page 247.)

Literature.

SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A LITTLE PITY.

THE day wore on, and the moor grew dark.

It was past sunset, and the Squire had not yet returned to the Moor Farm.

The dull, plodding owner of the place, and his dull, plodding wife, had waded through the day in their ordinary lack lustre manner, and had set down to their early tea, which was so weak that Mr. Jack Stockings, the mariner, called it spoilt water.

Mr. Jack Stockings was pretty well the only life in the house. In his department, he was, about this hour of evening five, declaring in song that "Life on the ocean wave was the sort o' life for him." Meanwhile, he was making an apple-pudding—he called it duff; but, as he remarked, it would eat as well by one name as another. In fact, Mr. Mariner Stockings, apparently without knowing it, had drifted into a kind of one-handed maid of all-work.

You will always find that, if you are ready to do other people's work, they are quite willing to oblige you. And this had been the mariner's discovery.

Wherever he went, after he and his last ship had parted company, he found, generally, that he was soon fully employed. The fact is, Jack Stockings could turn his hand to anything, and he was always turning it. Arriving at the Moor Farm-house he relieved its deaf mistress, in a very short time, of all attendance upon him and his master.

And, though this statement may involve the conviction that Mr. Stockings did, therefore, many offices which are usually shirked by the male sex; still, as it is the truth, he admitted that he was the man maid of all work. Wash? No; he did not wash. But he would have done so, had he had a second hand to wring with. As it was, he could constrict a towel by the aid of as fine a set of teeth as ever pounded ships' biscuit. Let me tell you your mariner is an uncommonly good washerwoman as a rule. In proof whereof I appeal to the next sailor's Sunday summer jumper.

As it was, Mr. Jack Stockings kept his captain's house in order. It is true that the place had a general air of being put away for squally weather, and light articles had the appearance of being lashed up. It is also certain that the decks had a general air of perpetual holy-stoning—for the mariner was fine at a mop. But,

upon the whole, if the place looked a little windy, it was ship-shape; while, if it smelt damp, it was certainly snug.

Well, Mr. Stockings tied up the duff, by the aid of his teeth, which were a third hand almost in the place of the lost second. Then Mr. Stockings potted the duff in question, and laid out the table. But no captain appearing, Mr. Jack Stockings looked up at the clock, said "Six," and then considered the case met by song. Here is what he sung. "Hem!"

"Love sounds the alarm,
And fear is a flyin',
When beauty's the prize,
What sailor fears dyin'?
In defence o' my treasure
I'd bleed at each vein;
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain."

You might have supposed, as you heard him sing, that singing was no pleasure, and that he had then got something in the way of a toothache, so dull and growly were the verses.

The mariner had come to the door to sing; but if he wanted to find comfort in Nature, she was not in a condition to yield it him. Far away in the west a dead level of heavy, remorseless-looking cloud lay on the earth, and there was a cold threat in the air, the coming of which had stilled the birds a full hour before.

The expanse was quite silent. They might have been thousands of miles away from their fellow-men, instead of half a score, for all the life they saw.

Whether it was the song or the view which moved the mariner to sigh cannot here be stated, because it was never ascertained; but Mr. Stockings committed himself to the inquiry, "I werry much wonders what's become o' Wapping Betsy Jane?"

Getting no answer, Mr. Stockings looked about disgustedly, and thereupon shut out nature. And here do not let it be supposed I carp at landscape; but there are times when a comfortable kitchen, with dinner laid out for two, and an apple-duff boiling on the roaring fire, is more comfortable than a general view of all Switzerland. The fact is, both the kitchen and Switzerland are capital things in their ways, and times, and places.

The mariner was evidently hungry, for he cut himself a hunk of bread; and then hid the fact by turning the loaf down.

"The wittles," said the mariner, taking a round bite out of the bit of bread,—"the wittles will be dead spilt."

Here he took another bite, and masticated both together. This took him some time, and gave him the opportunity to concentrate his next remark. It did not take him long to say it. This was the statement.

"D—n it!"

The next moment the door-latch clicked, and Gilbert Dorton entered. He was pale, but there was a certain kind of peace on his face which it was good to note.

He spoke to the mariner cheerfully. It is quite a mistake to

suppose a kindly-disposed man is morose in his grief. His very kindness will prevent him from such a performance; indeed, I doubt very much if a truly good man can be morose.

Dorton was pale, worn, weary, but blithe and cheerful to the mariner. He had the art of giving happiness, so perhaps that was why he was happy in himself, however much he might suffer, however much he might be pained for the sake of others.

"Hallo, Stock!—dinner ready? What have you got for dinner?"

"Which beef it were," said the mariner.

By the way in which he spoke you might have supposed Mr. John Stockings had veered round to the rough side of his natural bearings. But if you had looked at him you would have found that his face had grown broader, so to speak. I believe a bear growls most when he is most delighted. At all events, I have remarked that the animal in question has always looked more wretched when he got a big apple than when he received none at all, or when he has been poked up with a pole.

The mariner was a kind of human bear.

"Let's have it," said Dorton. "What have you got in the pot?"

"Apple duff it is, Captain."

"And devilish good, too," says Dorton, affecting a cheerfulness, which, if deceptive, was more likeable than some plain, not to say irritatingly ugly, statements of truth.

"Which all the gravy it is baked out, and the pertayers no longer wittles for a shark, captain."

"Never mind, Stock—on with 'em."

And so these two men sat down to dinner.

One was a very rich man, a naval officer, and better than all, a gentleman. The other was a poor maimed old sailor with a pension, a nobody—but somehow he was a gentleman also, so the men were not unmatched. Somehow on shore, all sailors meet on a level. Some of the best friendships you can mark in England have a memory of the sea in them. Perhaps it is the reminiscence of past danger, or of long commissions served off dismal coasts, and when many of the companions about them drifted into death; or both together; or some of many other causes which draw sailors ashore for good.

But, be this as it may, Gilbert Dorton and Stock sat down to beef and "apple duff," as the latter called it, at a quarter past six on the night in question.

"How is it, captain," asked the mariner, who, though at the same table as his "captain," was familiar only in words.

"The beef's good beef," said Dorton.

"How's the lady, sir, this evening?"

"Going on nicely. Help yourself, Stock."

"Thank ye, sir—salt, sir?"

For though Stock was seated at the same table, he was strictly a footman off his legs as regarded all table attentions.

Dorton said nothing that calls for remark till the appearance of

the "duff," which one-handed Mr. Stock got out of its hot towel by a means known only to himself.

"Deuced good duff, Jack," said Dorton to his aide-de-camp, who took the applause with the calmness of conscious talent.

"By the way, Stock, should you like to get away from here?" The mariner looked and then he said, "The moorings is good, and what more can the heart o' man desire? Thank'ee, sir, I will."

This was in reference to the pudding, which at this point the Doctor pushed towards him.

"It's just possible, Stock, I shall not go back into the service!"

The pudding was good, but at this statement the particular piece Mr. Stock was about to dispose of became a clever illustration of the statement that "There is many a slip 'twixt the duff and the lip."

"If I remain on land," continued Dorton, "you may make one o' the household stock, if you like."

"Thanks it is kindly, sir. But why fling the service overboard?"

"That's my affair, Stock. I don't know yet that I shall do so. If it happens, why, you may make up your mind to a corner in my house for your old friend."

"Thanks it is, once again, and I dare say I shall turn my hand to summat. But," he thought, "why leave the service, I were wishful to know?"

And now, having shown these two men at their plain sixpenny dinner, let me ask the reader to hear all that has been said between Sweetheart Nan and Dr. Dorton.

I have quite purposely put the humble meal before the report of their interview, because I love to be plain-spoken, and so show that there was nothing particularly heroic about Gilbert from the ordinary point of view, and that having half-broached his pity in poor Nan's narrow, little parlour, he went away, and ate a cheerful slice of plain beef with Mr. John Stockings, mariner.

It was dark when Gilbert knocked at the door of the Moor Farm-house proper, and by the motion of his lips gave the woman of the house to understand that he wanted to see his patient. The sour, deaf woman shook her head as he was about to ascend the stairs, and pointed to the little parlour.

"Her be thar," she said, in that low voice which appears to be a favourite with deaf people.

He tapped lowly at the door, and the sweet, plaintive voice of Sweetheart Nan bidding him enter, he opened the door and went in.

Their meeting was very frank and pleasant. They were both unselfish people, and these are always disinclined to force their sorrows upon other people.

She was seated on a low chair by the fire, and the flickering flames played upon her face and partially-bared neck.

The little child's tiny, nervous hand was clutching at Nan's white skin, and altogether the mother and child made a pretty picture, especially as she smiled gently in welcoming Gilbert. But, for all the smile, there was a throbbing, desolate heart beneath the white skin.

"And how are we now?" asked Gilbert.

"Quite well, Gilbert; so well, that I have been thinking you ought not to bury yourself here any longer."

"I can tell you I am happy enough about the place; my man Stock takes capital care of me."

"I mean, Gilbert, that having done all you can for me, you ought to turn away."

"What! do you mean to bundle me out of the house?" Dorton returned in the gay tone kindly men will sometimes use, even on their death-beds.

"No," said Nan, "but I doubt whether you ought to stop."

He changed the subject.

"You were very glad to see Miss Villiers—were you not, Annie?"

"Very glad; we are such old friends. We were brought up together."

Dorton flinched at these words. He continued: "And she is about to marry Lord Penton, I was told. Perhaps she has by this time; has she?"

"No."

"No?" said Dorton musingly, and there was a silence of some moments. He himself broke it by saying lowly, "It's no affair of mine. I can't..."

Nan looked up.

"What did you say, Gilbert?"

"I? Nothing; except that—that I mean to stop here till you are as strong as a lion."

Nan shook her head, and smiled.

"Haven't you seen my father since the morning?"

"No; he went away on horseback, and there has not been a tramp on the moor for many hours."

"You must have been glad to see your brother, Gilbert."

"Of course, Nan; but I was not pleased to see him here, so I sent him away again."

"But you have promised to rejoin him soon."

"No, I could not till when, if ever, he and I could lead our old brotherly life once more. I doubt if we can be as we have been."

"Why?" asked Sweetheart Nan gently.

"Because I must remain near you until you tell me to go back."

"You ought to go, Gilbert. You have no right to waste your days here. You must leave us soon. And when you are once away I doubt if we shall ever see each other again. It is quite right you should go. Now that I am out of danger why should you watch over me?"

"Oh, as a doctor, I grant I might strike camp and be gone at once. But I think I may be allowed to stop as a friend."

"You are very good, Gilbert," she replied lowly, stooping and kissing the little hand that looked as though slumbering as it lay on the broad breast.

"You can understand, Nan, if the doctor could go, the friend must stay?"

"With what end in view?" she asked. "My life must be one of loneliness."

"No, Nan, not loneliness."

"How can solitude be avoided?"

"By—by speaking, Nan," he replied,—placing a heavy emphasis on the word "speaking."

Annie comprehended the meaning of the expression, and drooped her head.

"I have nought to say," she responded, in a desolate voice.

"There was silence for a long time—perhaps many minutes."

Looking up at last, she said, "You had better leave this place, Gilbert. Forget it, and me."

"Forget you, Nan?"

"Yes, you must, Gilbert—if only to save you from yourself. You pity me now—soon, if you saw me daily, you would despise me. We always think gently of the absent. Go away; you will still pity me if you do not see me. If you remain, your pity will slowly, slowly change into disgust."

"Disgust, Nan!" he replied in a shocked tone of voice.

She nodded her head slowly. "Yes," she replied, "disgust! I know you quite as well as you do yourself—perhaps better. Gilbert, you and I must part."

"Part! I trust we shall never part, Nan."

"Hush!" she said, for the little one had fallen asleep—"don't speak so loud! Indeed—indeed!" she continued, as she got up softly from her seat, "it must be that we see no more of each other!"

"No—I pray you hope, dear Nan!" he whispered to her, as she passed to the door. "There is still a means of saving you!"

"What means?" she asked, in blank amazement. "There is a horse stopping!" she said, quickly.

Then she clasped the little one more closely to her breast; and Dorton, opening the door, she whispered, "Good night," as though her father could hear her through the walls of the house. Then she fluttered up the stairs, a dim kind of fear upon her face, and her heart beating wildly.

It was at this point that Dorton's face assumed that satisfactory joyful look which it wore when, having wished "Good evening," he went in to his dinner, as thereto provided by Mr. John Stockings, mariner.

"I'll save her from herself!" said Gilbert, as he reached his own door, opened it, and the mariner saluted him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NO PITY.

WHATEVER inquiries Squire Lemmings made after leaving the Moor Farm-house, whether satisfactory or not, it is certain he did not care to reach home before dark.

He, who had never wasted time, frittered away the day.

And when it was night he came home.

Could you have looked at his face you would have seen "war" upon it. Perhaps some of the village children he had passed read it aright, when they flinched from his glance. Certain it is that his brow indicated he looked upon all children that dreary day with little love.

At last, as the night came, he turned his flagging horse's head. And about this time a strong, hearty woman, carrying a swinging and lighted lantern, set out from the village in which the Squire had made inquiries, and in the direction of the Moor House Farm.

I have said Gilbert wished the Squire "good evening" before he entered his off-shoot of a home. But I have not added that these following few words passed between them:—

"Nan is quite strong again now, is she not, Dr. Dorton?"

"Quite; and altogether out of danger."

"Good night, sir!"

"Good night, Mr. Catterick," replied Gilbert; and thus they parted.

He had walked his horse home, having mercy upon that; and as the woman carrying the lantern was a good swift walker, she was not far from the house when Lemmings arrived at it.

Entering the place, Lemmings told its deaf mistress he wanted to see his daughter.

Then he strode into the little parlour.

She obeyed at once. But her instinct was rife when she sat down near the door threshold, as though she would prevent his leaving the room.

"Shut the door, Nan," he said.

She did so, feeling a pang as she locked the little one out.

"I've been waiting, waiting many long months for this hour."

"Why, father?" asked Nan, guardedly.

"Because I have something to say to thee."

"What?" she asked.

"Don't be afraid, lass—don't be afraid. I have promised the Doctor to be calm-like, and I've sworn it to myself. I will not lose my temper. And I tell thee, Nan, I love thee still—I love thee with all my heart!"

He did not repulse her as she came to him and knelt down at his feet. He let her take his hand, let her kiss it, let her bathe it with tears. But his face still remained stern. If he loved her, it was from a sense of duty, not from a wealth of love.

"I'll kiss thee, lass, as I used to—"

"Father!" she said, eagerly, putting her hands together.

"When you tell me what I want to know," he added.

"Oh, what—what can I say?" she answered, desolately.

"Listen, Sweetheart Nan! I can understand thee didn't not like to speak at first; then thee wert ill, and I did not ask thee anything. While thee wert in danger, I said to the Doctor, 'Set my poor girl up again.' Now thee art safe. I would know, daughter, if I can patch thy honour as the Doctor have thy life?"

Nan looked about her hopelessly, then she put her hands once more together, and replied, "No."

The one poor word was spoken with utter blankness. There was no evidence of deception—no proof of defiance. Despair only appeared to be at work, and that silently.

"No?" he said, in a loud voice; then, fearing to be overheard, he continued, "Dost thee think I can hide thee for ever as my shame—that was once my great pride? I tell thee I will not."

Thee shalt speak out. Who be this man? Be it some noble lord? If it be, tell him I'm rich, and will give art to make of thee an honest woman once again. I'll keep away from thee and he, Nan—I'll not disgrace either o' ye—and I'll go work by myself once more. I'll be able to work well when I have a light heart again, and God He knows my heart has been heavy many months! Come, Sweetheart Nan, thee cannot speak to a man better able to save thee than I can. Who be the man?"

She did not answer by word of mouth. She only pressed her forehead against her upraised arms.

And when he waited for her to speak, and while she prayed in agony, a knock came at the door.

The deaf woman of the house spoke so lowly that had Nan been in a condition to hear, she might not have been able to catch the words.

"Tell her to wait," said Lemmings, again closing the door.

But great as was the strain upon his faculties, he heard the farmer's wife say in her low, wavering voice, "Thee can coom in, and set thy lantern down."

"Who be the man?"

"I do not know," said Nan, weakly.

"Thee meanest thee dost not know his name. WHERE BE HE?"

"I don't know," she said, wailingly.

"But thee knowest where the man may be found. Thee can, at least, say where thee saw him, and where he saw thee?"

"No—no—no!" she cried, pressing her hands upon the breast that was now broader than ever.

The Squire leapt up.

"Take thou care, Sweetheart Nan. I've had much patience with thee, an' I've beaten down my rage; but 'tis like a storm, Nan, gathering—gathering always. WHO IS THE MAN?"

"I know nothing, father; I cannot answer you!"

"Thee meanest will not!"

For a moment Sweetheart Nan looked about her almost like a wild animal brought to bay. Then she said, "Father, I know you must accuse me; I know that you let me kneel at your feet; I know that you threaten me—that you cannot believe me an honest woman at heart; but if I were kneeling on my dear mother's grave I would declare there that what you want to know I am no more able to tell you than is the woman of this house!"

"Dost thee dare to look at me, and speak thus?"

"Yes; without fear, and without turning pale. The man whose name you demand—I have never seen him, I have never spoken to him—for me, he has never existed!"

Here the father fell back from her, terror upon his face.

"She be mad!" he said, in a faint voice, but loud enough for his daughter to hear.

"Mad!" she repeated, shaking her head. "Not yet."

"Thee has suffered so—so much," said Lemmings, stooping and putting his arms about her. "Be calm, my poor stricken darling. Thee need not be afraid of thy father. Speak to thy father a bit. Thee must not lose thy reason, Nan, which thy good God gave thee. There—there, lass; put thy head on thy father's coat. I love thee, lass, as much as ever. Don't be afraid."

"No, no, father; I am not mad, and if you pity me as wanting

reason, I tell you you are wrong. I have spoken the truth—I can speak no more."

The poor man grasped his wrists with his own hands, and cried, "But if thee be not mad thee art a good-for-naught, Nan. Perhaps thee will not speak because thee art ashamed of him? Nay, I'll forgive thee that. I'll forgive thee all but silence. I must know who he is, and I will, and I will!"

And here Sweetheart Nan's despair took the form of a rage which was almost mad. To be doubted where we have been wholly trusted, to be despised where we have been honoured, and to know, however unworthy of trust and honour we may have been, we are still as worthy as at any time of our lives,—these things demoralize us.

To be called a thief too often makes a man a thief. In a word, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him at once," has more in it than most saws and ancient sayings.

Turning upon her father, her face wore something of his defiant aspect. In five words, was she not his daughter?

"Do with me what you will," she cried; "but you cannot learn from me, if you grasp till you kill me, what I do not know myself."

"LIAR!" he said.

For so far fell honest Squire Lemmings.

Then he repented.

"Nan," he said, "forgive I; I be almost mad myself. I did not mean to say that to thee; forgive me."

The word had struck her down as though it had been a blow.

In all the years in which she had known him this was the first hour in which he had used a brutal word to her. It told her of the desolation into which she had fallen more plainly and cruelly than any other catastrophe that had befallen her.

She felt, even then and there, that she was the cause of his brutality.

And she was.

This is the infection of crime, that its brutality passes in a minor measure upon those who are innocent.

"Let us go," said Nan. "Why should you suffer by us, father? You shall hang your head no more at the sight of me. You need me no longer. Let us go. You can say I am dead. I will never come near you; and we will go far away from here."

"We!—who, Nan?"

"I and my child."

"So thee would leave me?"

"We will never trouble you any more, dear father."

"So thou offerest to leave me for one bad word—me that thou hast known for a score of years, and thee seekest comfort with that thou hast known but a score of days—and wouldst forsake I?"

To his angered pride here he added another passion—angry jealousy. He was jealous of the little one.

"Thee turns to it," he continued, "who shames thee and poor me, whose thou art, and who would save thee. No, Nan, no! If I suffer, thou shalt suffer also! If thou tear my heart, I will tear thine! Thee shalt not go, and thee shalt speak! If thee wilt not give way, I will not give way! Either thou shalt break my heart, or I'll break thine! Dost thou hear?"

In answer to the inquiry, a low tap came at the door.

A strange light flashed in the eyes of the father.

"'Tis like a warning," he said.

Opening the door, he saw the woman of the house standing beyond the threshold.

"The woman will noot wait," said Lemmings.

Then, turning to his daughter, he said, "Now, I give thee half an hour to think over matters. Thee shalt not leave me; and thee shalt speak, or suffer, lass, as I, thy father, suffers."

So speaking, he placed the key on the outside of the door, went out, and locked his daughter in the room.

She, poor woman, little anticipating the agony before her, knelt in a mute agony of formless prayer, patient and despairing, immovable but for a slight wavering motion of the body, while an outrage almost as great as the one she had, all unknowingly, endured, was being enacted against her.

The half-hour drew on; and, meanwhile, Mr. Mariner Stockings and Gilbert played their game of cribbage.

Dorton cared little for the game, and would much sooner have been in his own room thinking over the subject which had brightened his face as he left Sweetheart Nan early in the evening. But he had been fortunate enough to learn that the measure of the happiness of a good man, and, perhaps, even of a bad one, is the measure of the happiness he does unto others.

So as Mr. Stockings liked a game of cribbage, the Doctor gave it him before returning to his books and his portable laboratory.

The mariner was not a good hand at it. To use his own words, "he had to tack a bit." In fact he had to tack to that extent that he would, so to speak, box the compass of the game every five minutes.

"Tack a moment, mate," he would say—and then immediately apologize for what he called "that there liberty."

It must have been very wearying work for the Doctor. Well, they had got twice round the board, and were beginning a third game.

"Fifteen," said Dorton, pegging.

"Fitteen two it is," said the mariner.

At this moment the Jack which the mariner had picked up from the table, where his cards lay hidden by a book set up on its edge, an arrangement which allowed of Stock scratching his head with his book, when in the calculating difficulties with which the noble game of cribbage is beset—at this moment the Jack in question fluttered to the ground, and Dorton started to his feet.

They had both heard the sharp, piercing screams of a woman in agony. Stock only recognised a scream. Dr. Dorton recognised in it the voice of Sweetheart Nan.

The half-hour had expired, and Lemmings re-entered that plain, unpretending little farm-house parlour, which did not appear the place for a scene almost melodramatic in its intensity.

She looked up wildly, for she was still on her knees.

"Are we to go?" she asked.

"You and yours, do thee mean?" Lemmings replied.

She shrank back, panic-stricken. She saw there was a change in him, and for the worse.

"You frighten me," she said.

"Frighten thee—why?" he answered. "Sweetheart Nan, I do not threaten thee, and I do not turn thee out of my house. But thee shalt speak. Thee loved thy child?"

"If I did not," she said, pressing her hands on her breast, "should I live?"

"Then do I know I have done right. Thee hast robbed me, Nan, of my pure child—I have robbed thee of thine."

She looked at him.

Then fled.

It was the cry she uttered, as, reaching the upper room, she saw it desolate, which was heard by Gilbert and honest Stock.

Gilbert did not wait for permission to enter the house. He opened the latch and ran in.

He found Lemmings standing in the doorway of the little parlour.

"I heard Nan's voice," he said. "What is the matter?"

"The matter is," said the vengeful old man, "I have had 'lood for blood, life for life. My daughter be like the Queen Jezabel—defiant in her wickedness. Till she be as the poor Magdalen, she shall suffer as she makes me suffer."

Gilbert, Gilbert, the voice of Sweetheart Nan was now heard to say; "he has taken away my little one. No man has a right to take a child from its mother. What have I done, that I should thus suffer? Father—dear father—!" Here the poor creature began staggering down the stairs. "Father—don't be so cruel."

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Essays.—Before Breakfast. Adventures, National Customs, and Curious Facts.—Spectre-Dogs. Father Mathew. A Snake Story. Fine Arts.—The Book-Boy's Dinner. Our Portrait Gallery.—Lord Elcho. The Ladies' Page.—A Little Lecture Addressed to "My Dears" Eugene's Hair. News for the Ladies. Care of the Eyes. Star Watch-Hanger. Brussels Lace. Toilette and Ladies' Guide.

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